# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## CENTRAL AMERICA.

WE find the following in the London *Times* of the 23d January, extracted—probably as a "feeler"—from the *Friend of India*, a leading Oriental paper:

> CAN WE HOLD AFGHANISTAN?—We are drifting fast into the shoreless sea of Central Asian politics. The cycle has come round once more. We are embarked for the second time in an undertaking from which we must not again retreat without the certainty of permanent success. Of that undertaking, the invasion of Persia is but one important section. Are the gates of India to be English or Russian? Is the Tartar cradle to be rocked from London or St. Petersburg? That is the question which, under pretty disguises, seems to be presented to the Government of India. Politicians acknowledge that with the annexation of the Punjab the main difficulty has disappeared. Soldiers allow that the Valley of the Indus is now a safe base of operations, that Cabul is but five days' march from our strongest camp. The public has lost its dread of the mountain clans. It appreciates the lesson taught by Sir John Lawrence, and knows that, like other wild beasts, they can be tamed by hunger and the occasional application of the whip. Yet, in spite of all this, there is an undefined feeling that Afghanistan would be a dangerous and expensive possession. Why? The population is not braver than that of the Huzara. It is scarcely so numerous as that of Oude. It is not so fanatic as that of Malabar. There is no natural difficulty in Afghanistan which does not equally exist in Kohat. There is no want of experience on our side. There are twenty officers now on the frontier, who, if ordered to hold Afghanistan, would know thoroughly what to say and how to act, how to conciliate the chiefs, and how to employ a half-starving population. The mere danger, indeed, scarcely deserves discussion. But at what expense would the occupation be maintained? The injury to the revenue is at least clear. We venture, with profound submission, to question even that assertion. Is it cheaper to guard the plain against the mountain, or the mountain against the plain? We must do one or the other. If not, if Russia is not advancing, if there is no danger approaching, we have no business beyond the range, or in Persia. We are sending a costly expedition to hunt a will-o'-the-wisp. But if, as we believe, and as our actions prove, there is real danger, the cheapest method of defense is to garrison the natural fortress. It would be cheap, even, if we turned the Afghans into our most faithful subjects, by formally exempting them from all taxation. Half the army now coiled up in the Punjab would turn Afghanistan into an impregnable fortress. Every rock and mountain, now a terror, would then be a defense. Every Khan of the steppe, now half inclined to join the invader and share the spoils, would take heart to continue a contest of which we reap the fruit without the cost. With the fortress in our hands, and its approaches always exposed to a flank attack from Bushire, the peninsula would be absolutely safe.

These are the projects that are now agitating the minds of the sagacious men who, sitting in a little foggy island in the North German Ocean, directly or indirectly influence or control the affairs of half the world. Occupation of Persia—acquisition of Afghanistan—conquest of Cabul—in a word, extension of empire.

And while we write, the same projects are going on still farther to the eastward. The gates of China are attacked; and, this time, it really looks as if John Bull meant to get inside of the Celestial dominions.

It has been heretofore the fashion to denounce the English progress in the East, and to hold it up as the advance of arrogance, violence, and injustice. We do not so regard it. Ever since the middle of the sixteenth century, when Europe threw off its feudal slough of military barbarism, and ceased to occupy itself exclusively with brutal, preposterous, and internecine wars, the progress of civilization has been carried on by the bold spirits who, stimulated sometimes by love of adventure, sometimes by thirst for gain, sometimes by passionate desire of liberty, have derided danger, and scorned every consideration of prudence.

Spain furnished the grand filibusters of the first epoch—the Cortéz and Pizarros, who opened the way to the El Dorado of the West. England, a little later, sent out her Drakes, her Raleighs, and, in another century, her Clives and her Hastings; while on this side of the continent, from the Massachusetts Bay to the Great River discovered by De Soto, the whole coast was invaded by a swarm of adventurers from every part of the Old World.

That in this process—which has been now going on for centuries—dreadful sufferings have been inflicted on the primitive races, it is impossible to deny or to overlook. The hands that have been employed have been neither smooth nor pure. Fraud has been allied to force, and stratagem has joined hands with cruelty, to attain the aids of the superior castes. Both continents have been sullied by enormous crimes, and from the farthest east to the extreme west a cry has gone up to Heaven against the enormities of the invaders. Montezuma and King Philip, Hyder Ali and Osceola—gallant souls of every race and every clime—have been hunted to their graves by men of prodigious vigor, of unblenching nerve, and, we must add, of remorseless cruelty.

It must never be called sentimentalism to deplore or to denounce these crimes. When our historians attempt to varnish over the enormities perpetrated by our Puritan forefathers upon the Indians—when Macaulay covers with his elaborate gloss the iniquities of Clive or of Hastings—injustice is done to truth, and wrong to morals. Murder is murder, whether committed by the burglar on his victim, or by the invader on a sovereign. Robbery is robbery, whether the prize be a purse or a diadem.

But, on the other hand, while standing aghast at the commission of these abominations, let us not be misled into a misconception of their real results. Let us not shut our eyes to the manifest development of the scheme of Providence in regard to this world.

Does any one desire to roll back the planet to the sixteenth century? Shall Massachusetts and Connecticut make way for a new race of Pequods and Nipnucs? Shall India be re-surrendered to the rule of a fresh dynasty of Hyder Alis and Tippoo Saibs?

And he who runs may read that force is the necessary forerunner of civilization. The brute mind of the savage or the heathen must be reached by the manifestation of power—the only god he worships. How long would it take to open the gates of Heathendom by argument and persuasion, by protocols and diplomacy? What a geological cycle—an eocene or a plyocene period of peaceful efforts could not accomplish with the pagan savage, is done in the twinkling of an eye by a Cortéz at Mexico, or a Clive at Plassy. Such is the law of our existence. Such is the "*Conflict of Ages*," one of the awful riddles of the great Sphynx of Evil which not even a Beecher can solve, nor a James elucidate.

And this brings us by no violent transition to the question of Central America, which, recurring at frequent intervals, now again looms up before us, pregnant with mischief if met in a timid or a vacillating spirit, but fraught with no dangers that may not be conquered by a bold and honest policy.

We do not refer to Walker or his destiny. That chieftain seems to be endowed with quite as few scruples as any of his filibustering predecessors, from Drake or Cortéz to the present day, and to have far less than the sagacity which belongs to his class. His interruption of the Transit line was a brutal blunder; with a bull-headed fatuity that no Milesian ever outdid, he cut himself off from his own base of operations, and, in a sense very different from that of the Norman or the Roman invader, "burned his own boats." The consequences he has rued, and seems likely still more to rue.

Still—and it is certainly from no affection for him that we speak—we believe it is best that he should succeed, and we wish him success. Reckless and unscrupulous as he is, we can not see what is to be gained by returning the country to the possession of the mongrel banditti and native cut-throat ruffians who, for the last thirty years, have made that beautiful part of the world a mere den of thieves. We have no doubt that Walker, if once securely established, would be compelled, by the love of organization and discipline that marks our race, to establish a government which, though founded on fraud and violence, would, in the lifetime of a single generation, give to that country a degree of tranquillity and repose which it has never enjoyed even under the palmiest days of Spanish occupation. But these results are all now staked on the hazard of a die, and while we write, Walker may have shared the fate of Boulbon and many other desperate adventurers before him.

The Central American imbroglio presents another and probably much more important question—that, viz., connected with the Clayton-Bulwer and the Clarendon-Dallas treaties. The question, divested of diplomatic verbiage, seems to be this: The conquest of California in 1846, and the discovery of its treasures, opened a new world, and made Central America—which presents the shortest cut to our El Dorado—a matter of first-rate importance. The Isthmus is occupied by a mongrel race of Creole-Spaniards, negroes, and Indians, divided into half a dozen wretched, half-organized governments. How shall the safety of the transit be obtained? How shall life and property be made secure? How shall the works of internal improvements, railroads, or canals, called for by the wants of the age, be completed? These questions must be answered by England and America, the two great commercial powers which directly and indirectly are the most interested in the preservation and maintenance of a proper transit—and they are not easy of solution.

Out of this difficulty grew, in 1850, in, we believe, a very untimely hour, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, designed to declare and define the rights of the two countries in the debatable land, and to extend their protection over the interoceanic communications. Whether ill-drawn or ill-imagined, it is at all events certain that the treaty was satisfactory to neither party; its terms became the subject of angry debate, and the discussions that ensued have made our relations with Great Britain very precarious during the last three or four years.

To obviate these difficulties we have taken another step in the same direction, and the Clarendon-Dallas treaty has been concluded; the object of which is to remove the ambiguities resulting from the treaty of 1850, to make the terms of the contract more precise, and pretty substantially to take the Isthmus into the joint keeping of Great Britain and this country. The Clarendon-Dallas treaty is the completion of the general idea of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

Now we believe that the whole idea of this policy is wrong, and we think that the country so regards it. It is wrong for two obvious reasons: In the first place, John Bull and Jonathan are not at all the dogs to hunt in couples. It is in vain to attempt to organize a peaceful and harmonious co-operation between two great rivals, who have different, distinct, and independent interests. You can not yoke Sir Henry and Eclipse in the same harness.

In the second place, this policy admits the idea that the interests of England and the United States on the Isthmus are equal and identical. The notion is perfectly false. The country crossed by the interoceanic communication is almost part of our empire. We have a deep and direct interest in Panama and Nicaragua to which England can neither politically nor commercially pretend. For her to do so would be almost as absurd as for us to set up an equal interest in the questions of the Punjab or Cabul.

We are no great sticklers for the Munroe doctrine, nor do we put it at all on that ground. The Munroe declaration was made about thirty-seven years ago, when all Europe was groaning under a despotic league which threatened to establish proconsular governments on this continent. To say that that declaration applies in its original meaning to the present state of the world is an absurd anachronism.

Our objection rests on general principles, which are as true now as they were in 1821, which are likely to be as true in 1875 as they are in 1857. We believe that an alliance between ourselves and England for the purpose of exercising control over the Southern Republics rests on an essentially false combination. Our interests are distinct, often hostile—our notions of government are diametrically antagonistic. Whatever may be the reciprocal feeling of the literary and commercial classes of the two countries—and we rejoice to believe it is one of growing respect and regard—the *governing classes* of the two countries—the democracy of the one and the aristocracy of the other—still look upon each other with mutual jealousy and mutual distrust. The manufacturer of Manchester and the banker of New York fraternize and hob-nob together, and hug each other *ad libitum*, but the American democrat and the English aristocrat, the hoosier and the feudal proprietor agree together like oil and vinegar, like fire and water.

Now we believe that this jealousy and distrust will not be diminished by any alliance or combination for joint operations in regard to a subject where our interests are clearly greater and stronger than those of Great Britain. Far otherwise. We believe that such a league can only lead to bickering, and perhaps to strife. If, therefore, the thing were to be done over again, we believe the good sense of the country would forbid any operation like that of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and prefer to trust the fate of the Isthmus to be decided by the current of events, by fortuitous Walkers and casual Spencers, leaving out of view all idea of annexation or incorporation, in nowise at present desirable, simply relying upon the fact that our greater proximity, and the vastly greater enterprise of our population, would ultimately, in some shape or another, bring the country under the control of our race.

But the question is now a very different one, and must be decided on very different grounds. We must either go backward or forward. We can not stand where we are. We must either abandon the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, or complete it. In the present age of the world every thing moves rapidly, and the Nicaraguan question has advanced half a century since 1850. The native government has fallen to pieces. Walker is heading Nicaraguans. Spencer is leading Costa Ricans. A triumvirate of New York merchants feeds or fans the flame; and what is more ominous than all, the omnipresent steam power of England is hovering over the scene, and every thing is done under the muzzles of her guns. In such a state of things it will not do to stand still. "Masterly inactivity" is not at all the thing.

It will not do to kick the Clarendon-Dallas treaty out of the Senate, and then fold our hands and think we have done a great deed. Three lines of policy are before us. They are clear and distinct. The one is to renounce all combination with England; to break up the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, as by its provisions we have a right to do; leave each country to pursue her own course; and commit Central America to her fate, without interference direct or indirect. Another, to perfect and complete the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; and to regulate, conjointly with England, the affairs of the Isthmus. The third is, to assert the superior rights of this country in regard to Central America; to reject the alliance of England, and to mark out and pursue for ourselves a policy of bold, and, at the same time, wise control, which shall protect our citizens, and look to the future transfer of dominion, whenever, if ever, it shall become desirable and discreet.

Of these, the first is a policy of abnegation that, it may be pretty safely said, this country will never adopt. The second is a line of prudence, which avoids some present dangers, and will, peradventure, cause greater future perils. The third is a policy of audacity and enterprise—of audacity often the parent of safety. It must be backed by a powerful navy; and, above all, by a bold and determined front. It involves an immediate and sudden change in our foreign policy. Is the country ready for it?

## MEN MADE TO ORDER.

THE Chinese have a passion for arresting the operations of nature, and, as far as they can, reversing them. A Chinese would esteem it a triumph to make water flow up hill, to make fire cold, or to cause the ignition of snow. Their gardens are strange exhibitions of this morbid taste. By a system, which as yet we are ignorant of, they have succeeded in producing abortions of every thing that forms the picturesque in original nature. They dwarf the oak and the elm to such an extent that they can plant a forest in the space of a few perches, and the Liliputian wilderness presents in miniature all the features of the grandest of our western wilds. Still there is something excessively painful to any right-minded man in beholding a noble forest tree degenerated to the height of a foot and a half, bearing on its trunk and in its limbs all the marks of that age which, on a tree of natural stature, would be grand and picturesque. Its puny limbs are gnarled and twisted. Microscopic mosses cling to its prematurely aged bark, and its sickly little leaves fall and rustle in the autumn with a sad similitude to the decay of a grander nature.

It seems to us that here, in New York, we emulate the Chinese in a different and more important sphere, and are busily and rapidly producing a dwarfed and precocious race of men, to the disgust and injury of future generations. No man of observation, who, in the pursuit of the philosophy of his species, frequents the various haunts of this metropolis, can fail to be struck by the numbers of premature men that he meets with. Boyhood, with all its tender associations, with its innocence, its health, its lusty promise of future beauty, is every day being more and more annihilated, and the New York child springs from the cradle to the long-tailed coat. As in the Chinese trees, the beautiful intermediate stage of youth is omitted, and the extremes of infancy and age are united by a horrible artificial process. Let some one rewrite for the present generation Shakspeare's seven ages of man! In our system of life the school-boy "creeping unwillingly to school" is obsolete.

However unacquainted we may be with the system of the Chinese as applied to the vegetable world, we need be at no loss to discover the causes of the unnatural precocity of our rising generation. They are to be found in the oyster saloons, the billiard-rooms, the bar-rooms, the so-called dancing academies of this city. In the days when Canal Street was up town, and the gun of the fowler resounded through the thick underwood of what is now Union Square, a youth dared not become a man until he had reached the age of manhood, and even then there clung to him, on entering his estate, many of the pure flowers that made his childhood sweet. Now our boys commence to live fast at thirteen; at sixteen are *blasé*, and at twenty have nothing left to learn—or enjoy.

The life of a boy in New York, though in our space it must, of necessity, be rapidly sketched, may not be without instruction for those persons who, having less means of observation than ourselves, may deem our statements exaggerated.

We will suppose young Rocket to be born of rich parents. Well, he *is* born, swaddled, nursed, physicked, and all the rest of it, until he arrives at the age when he ought to begin the performance of his duties to the world he inhabits. He is sent to school, and wades through grammar and arithmetic until the age of twelve. At this epoch he demands pocket-money of his father, and wheedles pocket-money out of his mother, and borrows pocket-money of his sisters, and sponges for pocket-money on his aunts and uncles. We then find him in premature boots and coats frequenting some up-town billiard-room, where, in company with some boys a little more experienced—which means a little more vicious than himself—he gets his first lessons in winning hazards, "draw carroms," and bad brandy. About this time he finds it necessary to learn dancing, and his careless father subscribes at his request to a fashionable dancing academy, where we find him of nights smoking cigars and learning the Redowa. Does he learn nothing else there than the Redowa, think you? Who are those girls hired by the master of pirouettes to assist him in teaching his pupils? Look at the paint on their cheeks, the brazen flash in their eyes; listen to a few sentences of their talk with the fast men about town, who crowd into the room about eleven o'clock and you will not need to ask the question, we think, as to what our young friend Rocket learns there.

Who can help feeling sick on beholding this desecration of youth? Our memory travels back to the time when we were Rocket's age, and the picture rises before us of a rosy-cheeked lad lying asleep, with his brown hair tossed on the white pillow, dreaming of his cricket balls, or his new pony, or the medal that he hopes to win at next examinations. How different is the reality of youth before us! The boy is handsome, and his cheeks are red; but it is the hot fever of dissipation that colors them, and the eyes are bold and undrooping, and the lips, that in olden times would have been murmuring prayers, utter but equivocal jests or oaths, or it may be worse. Here is a young fellow, we say, who has been suddenly converted into a man before he had either man's reason or man's strength. Abortion of mind and body is the inevitable consequence, and his career of vice ends where—speaking in a worldly sense—that of most men begins.

We repeat that in this rapid sketch the colors are not laid on too thickly. It is drawn from nature. If any one doubts the truth, let them walk in some night to any of the popular billiard-rooms of the city, and there, surrounded by walls plastered with lascivious prints, and an atmosphere reeking the fumes of bad tobacco and worse brandy, he will see young Rocket in a coat beyond his years, drinking and gaming with the practiced assurance of a man of thirty.

We do not presume to suggest any remedy for this horrible evil—an evil which will not end with the generation it ruins, but will pour its poisoned stream through millions yet unborn. We suggest no remedy. If a father has not enough of common sense to know how to bring up his boy to imbibe a taste for rational pleasures, he should never have undertaken the responsibilities of the position. A few hints will not however, we think, conclude this article inappropriately. If boys must learn to play billiards, let them learn at home. If they must learn the Redowa, let them have a private master. Finally, let not parents be in such haste to put their sons out in independent business positions, where they will become possessed of an income before they know how to spend it. Above all, let home be made more attractive than any other place. Birds will escape from *a cage* if they can, yet will be loth to leave their nest.

## THE EVIDENCE IN THE BURDELL CASE.

THE whole testimony in the Burdell murder case is now before the public. It is possible—it is likely that, during the period which must intervene before the accused are brought up for trial, further light will be thrown on the tragedy by witnesses who have shrunk from the ordeal of an examination by Coroner Connery, or whose importance has not yet been discovered. Every honest person must hope that this will be the case; for, though the verdict of the coroner's jury is in accordance with public opinion, it can hardly be said that there is positive evidence before the public, up to the present time, to convict any one of the murder. Let us briefly sum up the body of the testimony.

On the 30th January, between the hours of half-past ten and eleven P.M., Harvey Burdell entered his house, 31 Bond Street. He was alone. He entered his room, and apparently divested himself of a portion of his outer clothing. Within a few moments he was attacked, seemingly from behind. A long, sharp knife was forcibly driven into his shoulder. If sitting, he rose up and turned round, cried murder, and began to scuffle with his assailant, making for the door of the room meanwhile. The assassin redoubled his blows, one of which severed the carotid artery, and two others penetrated the heart. Dr. Burdell then probably fell, but it would appear that the blows were repeated, at least until he ceased to breathe. He was left where he fell, on the floor of his own room.

Justice pursues the murderer by two roads—the physical tracks of his deed which he leaves behind him, and the moral trail, which is detected in the relations of the victim with those who had an opportunity of killing him. Both paths have been followed with some diligence, if not with keenness or perspicacity.

First, as to physical indications. Blood has been detected in the passage of the house, and on the front door. Part of Mr. Eckel's clothes are missing. Traces of a grate fire in an unoccupied room in the house have been found. Mr. Snodgrass bought, about the time of the murder, a dagger which would have made wounds similar to those found on Burdell's body. That dagger has not been found.

At the time Dr. Burdell was killed, there were in the house with him eight persons—Mrs. Cunningham, her two daughters, her two sons, Mr. Eckel, Mr. Snodgrass, and a cook. At the hour of the murder—according to evidence which must be received with caution, as coming from parties more or less implicated in the crime—these eight persons were disposed as follows: The cook was in her room in the attic; Snodgrass and the two Cunningham boys were in another room in the attic; Mrs. Cunningham and her two daughters were in her room on the third floor; Eckel was in his room on the same floor. The last four mentioned persons were either in bed or preparing for bed. Mrs. Cunningham and daughters swear that they slept together that night. Assuming this disposition of these eight inmates of the house to have been the true one—it rests entirely on the testimony of the Cunningham family and Snodgrass—it seems difficult to understand how a cry of murder, which could be heard at some distance outside the house, should have been inaudible in Mrs. Cunningham's and Mr. Eckel's rooms.

But a witness named Farrel, who is substantially unimpeached, testifies that, having sat down on the door-step of the house, he heard the scuffle and the cry of murder; that a man opened the door, thrust his head and arm outside, and asked him roughly what he did there. This man, after some hesitation, Farrell identified as Eckel, picking him out of twenty-five persons. Blood stains the door where his hand would have rested as he looked out.

Passing to the moral trail—the antecedents of these persons—we find that Mrs. Cunningham was, at the time she went to live in Dr. Burdell's house, or shortly afterward became, his mistress. Some time last fall she instituted a suit against him for breach of promise of marriage. On 22d October she withdrew that suit, in consideration of a written promise of the Doctor's good-will to her and her family, and also of a lease of the apartments she occupied at a rent below their current value. On 28th October, she was married by Dr. Marvine to a man calling himself Harvey Burdell, who was disguised, wore false whiskers, tried to hide his face, and did not perceive when the certificate of marriage was handed him that the name he claimed was written *Berdell* and not *Burdell*. That man has not been identified; but it is in evidence that Mr. Eckel wore disguises. On or about the 22d of November, Mrs. Cunningham instructed her attorneys to renew the suit for breach of promise of marriage against Dr. Burdell.

It is further in evidence that Dr. Burdell and Mrs. Cunningham were not on friendly terms; that on one occasion they had so violent an altercation in reference to some papers which he asserted that she had purloined from him, that a police officer was called in. A discharged servant-girl testifies to an improper intimacy between Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham, and the use of violent language and threats by both against Burdell. Evidence beyond dispute establishes that Dr. Burdell entertained a violent dislike for and dread of Mrs. Cunningham; that he considered her "a horrible woman," and that he feared for his life so long as she was in the house. He had given her notice to quit, and on the day following his death he was to have signed a lease letting the apartments she occupied to another party.

Such is the net product of a fortnight's search for light upon this murder. It is upon this basis that the various theories which have been ventilated in the press and in society have been erected.

Of those theories three only are worth mentioning.

One, which met with favor some days since, charged the murder upon a convict who had, years ago, sworn to be revenged upon Burdell for an injury; this was overthrown by the discovery that the man was, at the time of the murder, in prison at Baltimore.

A second supposes that the deed was done by a man unknown, and from motives unknown; that the man escaped unheard, unseen, through the front door, and left no trail of blood behind him when outside; that the murderer's object was not robbery, as nothing was stolen.

A third imputes the deed to John J. Eckel, with or without the complicity of Mrs. Cunningham. This theory assumes, that when Eckel heard Dr. Burdell come in he went down to his room, attacked, and killed him; went to the door, and was seen by Farrell; returned up stairs and destroyed in the fire in the unoccupied attic the clothes, etc., stained with blood; that his motive was to secure to Mrs. Cunningham, his alleged mistress, her right of dower, or such larger share of Dr. Burdell's estate as a supposed will might award her.

It will devolve upon the courts to decide which of these theories—if any—can be sustained by evidence.

Many points are yet in obscurity which ought to be dispelled. Where is the knife or dagger with which the Doctor was killed? Where did Dr. Burdell spend his time that evening? Did any one notice a light all night in the house? Was there no one besides the parties suspected who might have had a motive for murdering the Doctor?

## A SPLENDID INVITATION.

ONE of our numerous correspondents has been invited to a splendid ball, at a well-known Fifth Avenue Palace, and sends us for publication the following missive, which he himself will, of course, obey, as an invitation from such a quarter is like a royal command. In order that the public may so far participate in the prospective pleasure as to enjoy the preliminary watering of the mouth, if not the feast itself, our correspondent desires that we publish it. We, as caterers to the public enjoyment, of course comply. Here it is, card and programme, *verbatim et literatim:*

MRS.

Requests the pleasure of

Company on Tuesday Evening, February 24th, at 9 o'clock.

Dancing in the Drawing Rooms.
Panorama of the Hudson River in the Theatre and Picture Gallery.
Parlor in the Second Story for Conversation, etc.
Parlors in the Third and Fourth Stories for Whist Parties.
Music will commence at 9 o'clock.
Dancing at 10 o'clock.
Supper at 11½ o'clock.
Panorama will move from 10 to 1 o'clock.
Carriages at 12, 1, and 2 o'clock.

## ANOTHER SORROW FOR SCIENCE.

IN the column in which, a couple of weeks since, we gave expression to the public sorrow at the death of Hugh Miller, we have now to lament the departure from among us of William C. Redfield. He was one of our very first men. A practical man, Mr. Redfield combined business with study, and was eminent as a forwarder and as a meteorologist. He was, at the time of his death, the senior proprietor of one of our most successful transportation companies, and had been, a short while before, the first President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His researches into the nature of storms, which earned for him the familiar *sobriquet* of Storms Redfield, have done not a little to smooth the path of the sailor, to add to the stores of science, and to raise the scientific repute of the nation abroad. The time will come when he shall be obsolete; but it may boldly be said that, for many a year, no book on storms can be written without borrowing from him. He was a fine, genial old gentleman. The writer saw him for the last time at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Albany, in August last. He was very quiet and unobtrusive; declined to engage in debate on the valuable papers on typhoons which he read; but there was no one there whose head seemed more clear, or whose nod of approval appeared to be more generally courted by the aspirants for fame. There are countries where men like Mr. Redfield would be mourned in marble: shall we have no memorial of him but the monument he has erected for himself?

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A FOREIGN gentleman, residing in this city, thinks that he has been personally alluded to in an article by a contributor to our paper (January 31); and, in accordance with his desire, we now disavow any intention, as we do knowledge, of having made any personal allusion.

## THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

### A DAY DREAM.

DIMES came to me the other night and suggested to me in a mysterious kind of way, that we should visit the Five Points together. I am constitutionally prudent, and I demurred.

"There is a good deal of murder knocking about the streets nowadays, my dear Dimes," said I. "Society is unsafe. A respectable man can not even keep a quiet, orderly house, under the supervision of a middle-aged female of irreproachable morals, but he is found hacked to pieces in his room one fine morning. The corners of the streets are rounded off into gangs of ruffians ready to garrote any passenger who has a three-cent-piece on his person. The police are every where but where they ought to be; and, as a general thing, take more interest in elections than in assassinations. On the whole, my dear Dimes, I don't think I will go."

"But," said Dimes, "there's no danger. We will go with Captain Currycomb of the 150th ward, as efficient an officer, let me tell you, Sir, as any in the city of New York. He will show us every thing, and I'd like to see the man that would touch us while under his protection. Besides, look here."

Whereupon, Dimes pulled out an exquisite revolver, mounted in ivory and silver, and no larger than some night-keys that I have seen young men who live in cheap boarding-houses carry. It was a seducing weapon. Murderously enticing. I held it in my hand for a few moments, felt the silky lock, passed my fingers over the polished stock, and looked along the delicate barrel, on whose blue mirror-like surface the light played as on a lake. I found my self speculating suddenly on what would occur if I were to shoot Dimes. I saw the precise spot in his temple—a little above the left eyebrow—where the bullet would enter. I saw the sudden spasm—almost invisible, so slight was it—that convulsed his frame as the ball struck him. I saw the rapid flash of the eye on me—so rapid that we have no term to measure it with—one glance of terror, reproach, amazement, and then his legs bent, and, doubling up under him as if the bones had been suddenly withdrawn, he rolled on the floor.

I found myself remarking as I stood over him, that the murdered man had fallen in a strange attitude. He lay on the floor with his body bent forward, his forehead touching the earth, and his arms extended in front. I was reminded instantly of the pictures of a Moslem at prayer with his head toward the Holy City; and then my memory almost instantly recalled a large book bound in Russia leather, called the Oriental Annual, which I had read when a child, and which contained the picture of a Turk at his devotions.

I then busied myself again with Dimes. He lay still in the same position, dead. He had died almost instantly. That last fleeting look he gave me was the flash of his passing soul. The carpet on which he lay was a white ground with a pattern of ivy leaves trailing across it. Plainly discernible on this white carpet was a small red stream that slowly, slowly flowed from Dimes's temple, until it reached a bunch of ivy leaves, where it spread into a little round pool. I recollect very well the whimsical thought suggesting itself to me that this round patch of blood nestling among the ivy leaves bore a rude resemblance to a cluster of the scarlet berries of the plant itself.

I had hardly conceived this idea, when, as if by the sudden loosing of some cord, a huge blackness fell upon me, and I awoke to the awful responsibility of murder. Up to that time I had looked curiously at the incident, but now I became agitated. My heart beat. My temples were bedewed with a cold sweat. The dead man seemed no longer like the praying Moslem in the picture, but rather like some dark fiend about to lift himself from the earth and destroy me. I ran here and there, and hastily made preparations for flight. Somehow, whatever I did, I seemed to stumble against the corpse. I saw with horror that my boots left tracks of blood on the carpet. I tried to take them off, but they seemed glued to my feet. I raved and blasphemed, and ran to the fire-place, where I scraped the soles upon the ashes—but the blood would not dry; it still left wet prints on the floor wherever I moved. I felt my brain whirling. Then came a knocking at the door. Should I answer, or remain silent? What to do? The knocking grew louder—the door shook. They were bursting it open! I ran to the window—it was fifty feet from the ground! I rushed back to the yielding door, set my back firmly against it—but in vain; some unseen, irresistible force urged it inward. I strained every muscle—life and death were on it—I could not any longer—

"Here, Dimes," said I, "take your pistol. I should be afraid to carry such things about me. I'm afraid I have a dash of the assassin in my blood. Nevertheless, I'll avail myself of Captain Currycomb, and go with you to the Five Points."

"Do you know, my dear fellow," said Dimes, "that just now when you were cocking that pistol, you looked quite wild about the eyes!"

I laughed and said nothing. Dimes would have distrusted me for evermore, if he knew that I had contemplated his murder even in a day-dream.

### A NIGHT AT THE FIVE POINTS.

The Five Points is not what it used to be; with its vice its romance has vanished. It has become Peasey and prosaic, and the old leaven of iniquity has nearly died out. In fact—thanks to the persistent efforts of sundry devoted men and women, who saw in this region a field for missionary operations as promising as could be found among the most voracious cannibals of all Australasia—one has now to search for the bad places, whereas formerly the Five Points was one universal sore.

As we threaded the dark mazes of its streets, I was much struck with the effect of Captain Currycomb's appearance on the inhabitants. Coriolanus among the Volscians at Corioli, never fluttered a crowd more completely than did the captain the ragged doves that roosted in the crazy pigeon-holes of the Five Points. Horrible blowsy women were leaning over the half-doors of adjoining houses, and bellowing abuse at each other as we entered the street. The instant the Captain's burly figure became visible the frowsy heads and inflamed faces were drawn in with a turtle-like rapidity, and the mutual imprecations died away in the recesses of inner chambers. The celerity with which gangs of beetle-browed ruffians at the corners separated under the glance of the Captain was wonderful. It was chemical—that glance—in its operations; dissolving by some secret power the constituent villainy into its elementary atoms.

"We will now go to Pete's," said the Captain, stopping before the crazy door of a filthy-looking house, from which muffled sounds of music issued. Dimes suddenly became busy with his personal attire. His splendid rings, his gorgeous watch-guard, his resplendent charms were all quietly transferred to his pockets. Dimes is a man of the world, I thought to myself, and knows that temptation is the half-way-house to crime.

The door of Pete's, otherwise Pete Williams's—that being the name of the former proprietor—was opened, and, after descending a few steps, we found ourselves in a low dingy room, with a tolerably smooth floor, on which a crowd of negroes and negresses were dancing the Varsovienne. On the left side of the door was a fetid-looking bar with a couple of wicked-looking, large-shouldered darkies standing behind it; men who did not seem to care which way they were forced to kill their fellow-creatures, and seemed quite as ready to handle the knife as to deal out bad brandy. The farther end of the room consisted of a sort of dais, or elevated platform, running the entire length of the apartment, and apparently devoted to the use of the orchestra, which consisted of an old piano, a harp, a fiddle, and the bones. Beyond this there was a dark sullen-looking door-way leading to unknown regions which we did not explore, but where Murder might have found, I doubt not, suitable apartments.

"Every man here is a thief," whispered Captain Currycomb to me; and, strange to say, the intelligence, instead of repelling, rather attracted me to the crowd of villains around me. I instantly felt a desire to form the acquaintance of some of them. I have always had a proclivity toward villains. Bad people are usually full of character. To be thoroughly wicked one must have some intellect; idiots are simply vicious. While revolving some means of scraping an acquaintance, I could not help noticing the manners of those around me. There was an ease and *abandon* about all those negroes that delighted me. They moved with perfect unrestraint, an impression that was heightened, as far as regarded the women, by their not wearing any of those expensive whalebones which ladies indulge in nowadays, apparently with the intention of emulating in size the leviathan that furnished the stiffening. Then their dancing was really admirable. The negro appreciation of time in music is well known, but the precision with which every couple on the floor "stepped" in the Varsovienne astonished me. Every thing, too, was decorous in the dance. No flying about with outstretched arms; no whirling of the lady into the "cheese" of our childhood. Young New York might have with advantage taken a lesson from those poor thieves and loose negro wenches.

The Varsovienne had scarcely ceased when a negro gentleman of great suavity of manner came up to me, and informed me that Dimes and myself were booked for the ensuing quadrille. I was, of course, delighted, and acquiesced, but on looking at Dimes I observed a slight expression of disgust on his noble features. Eventually I persuaded him to join our set, and the quadrille began.

The lady with whom I had the honor to dance was a tall negress of about twenty, and as the first bars of the music were played she turned to me and courtesied with a dignity, which if it had been white dignity, would have done honor to the Court of Versailles. Our *vis-à-vis* consisted of a young negro thief of winning address and considerable agility, while his partner was a large, lazy, darky girl who moved with Spanish indolence.

### DIMES'S CANCAN.

We had not got through the first figure before I saw that Dimes was bent upon distinguishing himself. With a sudden inspiration of genius, he determined on illuminating the dark circle around him with the immortal *cancan* imported in all its purity from the *Chaumiere*. He commenced gently, and by, as it were, feeling his way. He vaguely indicated the desire for unrestrained motion which seemed to be working in him. An occasional *pas* of what seemed accidental agility seemed to escape from him, and he subsided again into the decorous Dimes. But by-and-by he gave vent to his legs. He whirled, he sidled, he jumped into the air, and turned full round before again touching earth. The dark faces around him shone with a black-lead polish of admiration. The white teeth grinned the most unsophisticated delight. Dimes was in his element. His *cancan* became every moment more and more intense. His legs seemed to fly out like the arms of the "governor" of a steam boiler. His countenance was radiant with the spirit of the dance. The intoxication seized on all around him. The fiend of motion possessed negroes and negresses. The black forms whirled and shouted until Pandemonium seemed before me. White eyes rolled, white teeth glittered, black faces shone, and the very orchestra seemed inspired. The man who played the bones shrieked as he rattled; the piano flung off the infirmities of age, and leaped into instrumental youth. Dimes, as the close drew near, seemed filled with Terpsichorean frenzy. He rotated like an Armenian dervise, until, after a perfect blaze of steps, in which he managed somehow to present the appearance of a human Catherine-wheel, he suddenly stopped, flung his arms over his head with an expression of sublime resolve; spread his legs out, one before, the other behind, dropped on the floor in that position, until I thought he had split himself up to the crown of his head, and then suddenly recovering his feet with a supreme effort, bowed to his partner amidst a panting murmur of applause.

Dimes's *cancan* will long be remembered at Pete Williams's.

### BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

The next place that we visited, after bidding farewell to the ebony palace of Mr. Williams, was a sumptuous tavern of about ten feet square, kept by one Mr. Patrick Hannigan, an Irish gentleman, with a contusion under each eye. Mr. Hannigan's bar was almost entirely the resort of those young thieves who frequent print-shop windows in Broadway, and endeavor to turn an honest pocket-book. There were half a dozen young fellows within lounging round the stove as we entered, none of them over nineteen, and one or two with ruddy cheeks and innocent eyes. Mr. Hannigan expressed great pleasure at beholding Captain Currycomb, which, however, I attributed rather to the politeness of his nation than to the sincerity of his feelings. On the strength of this compliment we ordered ale. Having previously expressed a desire to the Captain to hear some of the light-fingered profession "talk thief," that excellent officer seized the opportunity, and called a young fellow of about sixteen from the stove. He came forward rather unwillingly.

"What's your profession?" asked the Captain.

"I don't do nothing," was the sullen reply.

"Are you honest?" demanded Currycomb.

"Yes, Sir."

"Then you've no business here," was the sudden rejoinder; and before the fellow knew where he was, the Captain's strong hand had bundled him out the door. Mr. Hannigan seemed highly tickled by this implied compliment to his establishment. The Captain called up number two and put the same questions, with the same result. He was also placed on the other side of the portal. It now began to dawn on the others that the only way to insure their being allowed to remain in the room was to tell the truth; so when number three, a bright-eyed fellow of about fifteen, came up and was questioned about his calling, he answered boldly,

"Well, I suppose there ain't no use in denying it. I'm a thief."

Dimes was so delighted with this *naiveté*, that he immediately invited the youth to drink. I now commenced, as I fondly supposed, to pump him; and putting on what I considered to be a semi-professional air—as if I occasionally did a thing or two in his way myself—asked him if he was in "the wipe line?" I shall never forget the curl of contempt that curved his juvenile lip as he replied,

"Oh! wipes is of no account now; they don't pay to fake."

He afterward informed me that his peculiar weakness was pocket-books; and on my suggesting that, at his youthful age, he could scarcely be an expert, he said, with ill-concealed irony,

"I guess I can throw a hook with the best of 'em. You see, Sir," he continued, "a small fellow is the best for prigging; when he's low-sized, the ladies ain't so apt to notice him."

I now saw, for the first time, how it was that Cupid, the prince of thieves, was created a boy by the ancient mythologists—"the ladies ain't so apt to notice him."

We eventually took a parting drink all round, and bidding an affectionate farewell to Mr. Hannigan and his guests, went on our way.

I regret that I have not space enough to chronicle the night more fully; but I must, in mercy to *Harper's Weekly*, and the thousand-and-one men of genius whose articles are rejected for want of room, condense my narrative. I would like to have lingered over a charming Irish family whom we discovered in a species of dog-kennel behind the building erected by Mr. Pease. I could have written as finely about the odors of their apartment as Coleridge did about the stenches of Cologne.

> You may exile—enfranchise the Celt if you will,
> But the scent of the pig-sty will hang round him still.

This family—about thirteen in number, including a baby, who was put up the chimney when we entered, so as to be out of the way—inhabited an apartment of the size usually devoted by humane owners to a Newfoundland dog. The majority of them were drunk, and they were *all* quarreling. Dimes and myself gave them some money, and if we ever enjoy half the blessings we received in return, we will be the most prosperous men in this country.

### THE IMPROVISATORE OF BEEKMAN STREET.

After much interesting wandering through a black labyrinth of filthy streets, and seeing a great many sights impossible to chronicle here, we eventually brought up at a large tavern in Beekman Street, to which we were attracted by the sound of vocal melodies. When we entered, I saw a gentleman with a beaming face, literally wrinkled with perpetual smiles, standing up in the midst of a large crowd, and singing those improvised verses which used to be so popular in the Cider Cellars in London. He was accompanied by a withered Italian gentleman, in a large mantle, who played on a cithern. As Dimes marched in, airily waving his hand, on which sparkled a magnificent diamond, he caught the songster's eye, just as he had finished his verse, whereupon he immediately chanted forth, to a very simple melody, the following exquisite impromptu:

> There his a gent just hentered 'ere, Sirs,
> He's come to take a glass of beer, Sirs,
> And though his name I can not tell, Sirs,
> I'm sure he passes for a swell, Sirs.
> He's dressed so neat, and looks so 'ealthy,
> I'm sure that he is somewhat wealthy;
> You all will know the gent I sing on,
> For he has got a ten-dollar gold ring on.
> Sing hey! sing ho! I'll never deceive,
> But sing to the tune of Hadam and Heve.

This effort of genius was followed by thunders of applause, and every eye was turned on Dimes, who buried his blushes in a mug of ale. The improvisatore, encouraged by success, continued:

> There is a gent I've noted down, Sirs,
> Who calls himself the Man About Town, Sirs;
> He's thought to be a clever scribe, Sirs,
> So I hope he'll ask me to himbibe, Sirs;
> And though he looks so meek and quiet,
> His articles they make a riot.
> At me he's looking now obliquely,
> So I know he'll put me in *Harper's Weekly*.
> Sing hey! sing ho! I'll never deceive,
> But sing to the tune of Hadam and Heve.

I confess I was thunder-struck at the knowledge of my *personale* which Mr. Smithson, the vocalist, seemed to possess; but as I saw a roguish twinkle in Captain Currycomb's eye, I soon concluded who had betrayed my identity. It is needless to say that Dimes and myself carried off the bard to supper, and gladdened his heart with oysters and bad Champagne. So ended our night at the Five Points with that excellent officer, Captain Currycomb. As I would not for the world falsify the predictions of so poetic a prophet as Mr. Smithson, I have put him in *Harper's Weekly*.

## CHAT.

### A BURST OF SPRING AND FASHION.

WE have lost faith in all the weather prophets; in every one of them, from that venerable sage, Philo—what's-his-name? down to the oracular after-seer, Miriam. The almanacs even are all wrong. Nature herself is not to be relied on; for, with all her age and experience, she has been lately as capricious as an hysterical girl of sixteen—now, all angry sobs and tears, and now all sunny glances and sweet smiles. Aquarius, the waterman (although, ordinarily, it should be Frigidus, the iceman), is supposed to personify the month of January. He gave us a taste of his quality a week or so since, and deluged us, from his exhaustless bucket, with a flood which has submerged our cities, washed away the bridges of the railroads, and sunk their stocks below par.

The waters ceased; the sun came out; and we looked to behold the Spring floating down the tide—like Cleopatra on the flooded Nile—with all her golden glories, her expanding charms, her seductive glances, and breath of sweet odors. We have been cheated, however, of our hope; the word of welcome is not yet to be spoken; the loving embrace is not yet to warm our hearts. The spring has been frozen in, and the golden Cleopatra of our expectation has gone into winter-quarters.

At any rate, though the prophets have deceived us; though the almanacs have been making sport of us; and Nature herself, with her alternate frosts and thaws, has been playing at a game of fast-and-loose, Fashion has been true. The buds of spring, it must be confessed, have not expanded, the sap has not sprung from its sealed fountains, but the spring goods have been opened, and gay women have come out in Broadway, and money has circulated through the veins of trade.

Female fashion is preparing to cast its brocades, moire antiques, and Russian sables, and is about to reappear in the lighter butterfly-wings of spring stuffs. "Please, madam, walk this way; we've just opened some nice *piqués* and *foulards*; no one, I can assure you, 'pon my word, has seen them yet but yourself," is the irresistible invitation of the polite shopman to each one of the thousands of his daily customers. We dare not tell how many hundred ladies of our acquaintance have secured the only lilac-sprigged *piqué*, which, upon the word of the courteous Mr. Calico, is exactly the counterpart of the Empress Eugenie's dress, now under the scissors of the royal *marchande des modes*, *Rue Richelieu*, *Paris*, preparatory to a splendid Imperial spring burst of her Majesty. The *piqués* are in great demand for the coming season by our expansively-hooped ladies; for, to use their own words, "they stand out so nicely." The *piqué* is that quilted Marseilles stuff, which so becomingly enveloped—in the form of the basque or jacket—the delicate busts of our belles last year. The Empress Eugenie insists that now it is just the stuff for skirts. Our beauties say "ditto to Eugenie."

Fashionable wives and daughters, then, have commenced their spring betimes, and with their liberal purchases of *piqués* and *foulards*, have opened the season with a prodigal spirit. May there be no sad Fall to regret when the bills are to be paid!

### THE BLOODY SHEET.

Our daily newspapers are hallooing more and more the blood-hounds on the scent of murder. There are no superlatives of horror in the English language which have not been used again and again. There is nothing in figure of speech or form of type which has not been artfully brought out to increase the public excitement, and, we may add, to lessen the hopes of justice. We have reached a point, it is believed, when even the exaggerated descriptions of American journalism are beginning, from daily familiarity, to loosen their hold upon the imaginations of the lovers of the horrible.

What, now, is to be done? While the two cents come pouring into the treasury, and the circulation is extending like the cholera, it won't do to be quiet and diminish the receipts. We have heard of a new dodge; the eye is to be appealed to, and it is proposed to provoke our jaded sensibility, like a tired bull, with the display before our sight of a bloody sheet. We tremble every morning over our coffee in expectation of the new rubric of murder which we are promised—the daily paper in red. Don't be alarmed, gentle readers! it will be only ink, though it has the tint of blood.

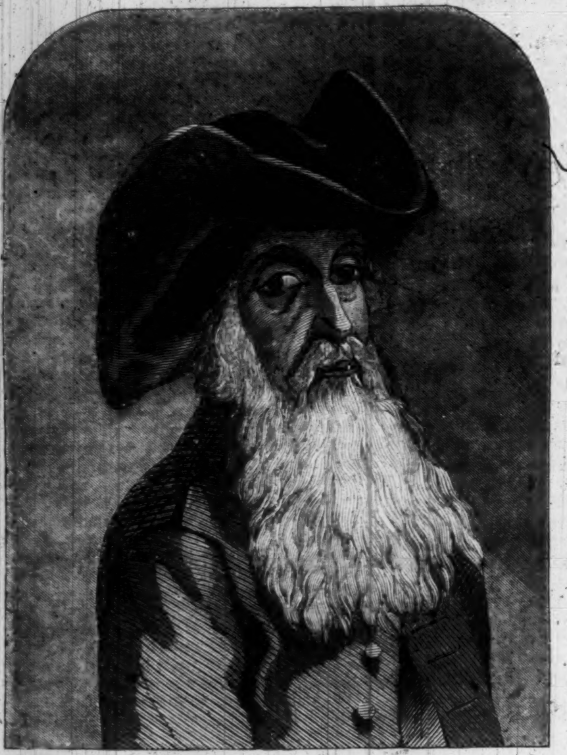
### THE FATAL HOUSE.

What a fearful attraction there is about the fatal house of Bond Street! Who does not know where to fix his eye at once for a sight of 31? But a week or two since the street was one of the least frequented ones in the city. Unlike most in New York, Bond is very short, passing only from the Broadway to the Bowery; and, consequently, it has never been used as a thoroughfare. At one time fashion gave it a brief *éclat*; but latterly it has been left for the unobserved freedom of unattached bachelors, and the privacy of consultations with doctors and dentists.

Go into it now: the crowd of the first excitement has passed away, but fashionable ladies still order their coachmen to drive through it on their way back and forth to Stewart's; curious citizens check their haste to be at their stores or dinners, and diverge from their direct route, by turning into the fatal street; thousands of people are now going where before neither business nor pleasure ever took them. The fatal house does, indeed, draw with a fearful attraction. Look at the throng, with gaping mouths and staring eyes, fixed from morning until night at the spot. Gazing at what? Nothing but an ordinary building of brick and mortar. The attraction of horror, however, with its self-created phantasmagoria of blood and murder, never seems to tire. It is piercing cold, and every where else people are on the move, but there—before the fatal house—the same throng is fixed in a spasm of stupid amazement. That crowd is a study for a Hogarth. How he would immortalize the leering look of that Bowery boy, in red flannel and turned-up trowsers; that frightened, pale-faced lad, resting his bundle upon the opposite steps, and casting a timid eye upon the mysterious door, opening to the peremptory summons of the policeman; that brawny-armed servant-maid, leaning on her broom to look, for the thousandth time, upon the scene; that child, playing with its rattle in his nurse's arms, at the neighboring window! Will the "damned spot" never "out?"

### THE SUN OF GAYETY RISES AGAIN.

The sun of gayety has risen again from the sea of blood. Monsieur Thalberg is this week soothing the nerves of Fashion with his skillful touches, and our beaux and belles are shaking off the cramp of horror by a dance at the Opera House. The ball at the Academy of Music this week is another charity affair; but this time the charity begins at home, for its object is to throw something into the poor-box of the institution itself, and not that of any other pauper establishment. We have promise, too, of hearing the clear notes of Madame de Wilhorst soon, and, report says, in *La Sonnambula*. Her compact little figure would look well in the *Fille du Régiment*, but we question whether she has the dramatic cultivation yet equal to the stage action. Let her try it a little later.



HENRY JENKINS.

## HOW LONG OUGHT WE TO LIVE?

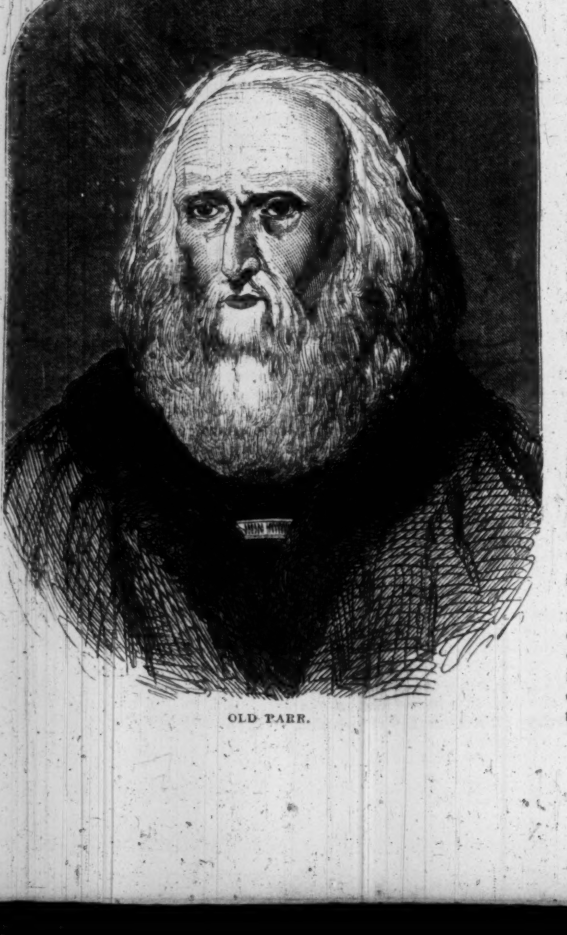
MONSIEUR FLOURENS, a French Academician, says that we ought to live one hundred years. The last *Edinburgh Review*, in an article which reminds the reader of Sir Henry Holland, thinks eighty a more reasonable limit to life. Evidently the Frenchman's theory is not logically sound. His vital equation—Life = 5 Growths—meaning that animals live five periods of equal length, during the first of which they attain their full growth, is unsupported by any serious evidence. But the argument from analogy—that the average of life might be prolonged—is well worthy of attention. No one doubts that we shorten life by our excesses and follies. How long would it be, were we to live with a view to its prolongation?

Here is a table, compiled from late censuses in several leading nations of the world:

| Date. | Country. | Deaths of Centenarians. | Total Pop. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1855 | United States | 43 whites over 100 | 26,000,000 |
| 1842 | Russia | 10,000 over 90 | 60,000,000 |
| 1842 | Austria | 446 over 100 | 11,900,000 |
| 1841 | Prussia | 1676 over 90 | 12,000,000 |
| 1845 | Norway | 41 living over 100 | 1,200,000 |
| 1853 | Engl. & Wales | 93 over 100 | 18,500,000 |

But when we try to use this table for purposes of argument, it fails us, being unaccompanied by such collateral information as would be requisite to elucidate it; and we can only infer the general proposition, that in European countries, as in the United States, a small proportion of the aggregate deaths occur at over one hundred years. We lack facts to enable us to say positively that this proportion might become a majority were a judicious system of living universally adopted.

Statistics are, in fact, a science of too recent origin to afford reliable formulas on the duration of life. It is understood that 25 to 30 years is a general average; and 62 to 66 an average, in this country, for those who "live to old age." But in 1840 there were, it is said, in round numbers, 2800 persons living in this country aged over 100 years. And we have now before us a table of 154 persons who, within the past two centuries, have died *aged over one hundred and twenty years.* The table is necessarily imperfect. The bulk of the cases are Irish, English, and American; there are a few French, and about a dozen Russian, German, Italian, and Hungarian—these last being picked out of newspapers or the books of travelers. Reasoning from analogy, it might perhaps be said that the table does not contain one-tenth of the names it ought to comprise.



OLD PARR.

Poverty of material cripples us again in our endeavors to derive principles from recorded individual instances of longevity. On Mr. Whitehurst's authority, we have the naked statement that James Bowles, of Kenilworth, England, died at the age of 152, in the year 1656. In 1845, an Irish woman, named Bridget Devine, who had been a hand-loom weaver for eighty years, and a pauper for twenty, died in the workhouse, aged 147. The celebrated case of the Countess of Desmond is pretty well authenticated. The record says that she died in 1612, aged 148 (Granger asserts that she was much older); and it is well established that she danced when she was over 100, and actually walked from Bristol to London when she was 140 years of age, in order to obtain some trifle of her confiscated property. A famous Dane, Christian Jacobson Drackenburg, died 1772, aged 146. A well-known physician, Dr. Mead, of Hertfordshire, England, died 1652, aged 148. One of Cromwell's captains, an Irishman by birth, Thomas Winslow, died 1766, aged 146. It is asserted by West Indian authorities that a negress, a slave in Jamaica, died in 1812, at the age of 147; her age was computed, apparently, by calculations based on an earthquake which she said she remembered. As we ascend in the catalogue, it will be noticed that the evidence becomes more scanty, and the cases more suspicious. There died near Bergen, in Norway, in 1797, a peasant named Jonas Surington, whose age was said to be 159. His faculties were unimpaired at the time of his death; the day before he died he called his family together, and divided his property among them. He left a wife, who was a young woman, and a large family of children, the eldest of whom was 103, and the youngest nine years of age. This is a case which one would like to have substantiated by very incontrovertible evidence.

A Hungarian, named John Rovin, is said to have died in 1741, at the age of 172. What adds to the marvelous character of his case, is the fact that his wife was only eight years younger, and died in the same year, having lived with her husband 148 years. Their youngest son was 116 when they died.

At Cordova, in South America, in the year 1780, a judicial inquiry was instituted by the authorities to determine the age of a negress by the name of Louisa Truxo. She testified that she perfectly remembered Fernando Truxo, the bishop, who gave her as his contribution toward a university fund: he died in 1614. Another negress, who was said to be 120—the Spanish record says, "known to be 120"—testified that when she was a child Louisa was an elderly woman. On this evidence the authorities of Cordova concluded that Louisa was, as she asserted, 175 years old.

In 1787, Jonas Warren, the "father of fishermen," died near Ballydole, Ireland, after having followed the calling of a fisherman for ninety-five years—till within a short period before his death. He was understood to be 167 years of age—on what grounds, we are left to conjecture.

In the Banat of Temeswaer, in Hungary, record is kept of a peasant named Petratsch Zartan, who is said to have been born at Kofroek, in 1537, and to have died at Keveretch, in 1724, at the age of 185 years. A short while before his death he walked to the post-house to beg alms from travelers; his sight was bad, but his other faculties were in good preservation. He saw his great-great-great grand-children, and carried them on his back. Count Wallis had his portrait painted, with an inscription under it, stating that his youngest son at the time of his death was 97. This case, marvelous as it is, seems pretty well authenticated.

Two cases are recorded by Mr. Bailey, in his Annals of Longevity, which throw even this Hungarian into the shade; unfortunately, the evidence is obviously inadequate. One is that of an Englishman, Thomas Carn, whom the parish register of Shoreditch affirms to have died in 1588, *at the age of* 207, having paid allegiance to twelve monarchs. The other is that of a Russian—name not given—whom the *St. Petersburg Gazette* mentioned as having died in 1812, *at an age exceeding* 200. But, for purposes of serious calculation, these statements can not be accepted.

The best authenticated and most famous cases of extreme longevity are those of Henry Jenkins and Thomas Parr.

Henry Jenkins, who, for a century or so, exercised the calling of a fisherman in Yorkshire, England, died at Bolton, in 1670, at the reputed age of 169. We are not informed whether there was any legal evidence of the date of his birth, though there may have been. But he asserted that he was twelve years old when the battle of Flodden Field was fought, in 1513, and that he had driven a cart, laden with arrows for the combatants, to the battle-field. Four or five men, reputed to be centenarians, testified that he was an elderly man when they were children; and his age was so generally admitted, that in a case in which he testified, in 1665, his evidence was given as "the evidence of Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, laborer, aged 157 years." Eighty years after his death, the popular belief in his longevity was enunciated in an inscription on a monument to his memory at Bolton. On the whole, in the absence of authentic official testimony, we are inclined to consider the circumstantial evidence in his case as very strong. His length of life can be realized, if we add that it covered a period equal to that extending from the Witchcraft Delusion in New England, and the Leisler Revolution in New York, to the present day—nearly three average full lives.

We lack documentary evidence of Parr's birth also—at least, it may be presumed that none such exists, as none of his biographers allude to it. But the notoriety of his age, and the public honors that were paid him during his lifetime, afford a strong probability that the date was well established. It seems, for instance, that it was well known that he was eighty when he married his first wife, with whom he lived thirty-two years; that he was a widower ten years; that he married a second wife at 122, and lived thirty years with her. These facts, which form a chain of perfect evidence, are probably established by official testimony.

His case is by far the most remarkable in the annals of longevity, both from the extraordinary vigor of the man, and from the care which was taken in his lifetime to ascertain and record his mode of living. He was a farmer; and up to the age of 130 was able to dig, plow, and thrash. The Water Poet, Taylor, said of him:

> Good wholesome labor was his exercise,  
> Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise;  
> In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,  
> And to his team he whistled time away;  
> The cock his night clock, and till day was done,  
> His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.

It has been stated that he married at eighty. By this marriage he had two children, who died young. When he was 105 he did penance in Alderbury Church for the seduction of a young woman, who had just borne him an illegitimate child. By his second marriage, at 122, he had a daughter. When he died, his body was examined by the famous Harvey, and it was discovered that his viscera were strong and sound, his heart large, fibrous, and fat, his brain entire and firm, and all his organs generally in a healthy state. His death was caused by the injudicious kindness of the Earl of Arundel, who took him up to London, to present him to Charles the First. The journey almost killed the old man; the people thronged round the carriage in such crowds that he was almost stifled. And after his arrival in the capital, his noble friends wisely bethought themselves that by high feeding he might regain the strength which he had lately lost; so they killed him with rich dishes and fine wines. Dr. Harvey declared that, so far as he could judge, he might have lived many years longer but for this error.

Parr was a hairy man, of the race of Esau.

> From head to heel his body had all over  
> A quick-set, thick-set, natural hairy cover.

His strength was very considerable; his health excellent. He lived during the last years of his life principally on skimmed-milk-cheese, coarse bread, milk, whey, and small beer. He was fond of garlic, and consumed quantities of butter. Like most old men, he ate frequently, rising from his bed at night to assuage his appetite. But he was not a large eater, and does not seem to have drunk even small beer as a daily beverage.

There are several principles in the science of longevity which the life of Parr illustrates. In the first place, all our records show that the people who live longest are farmers. Agriculture is the first of all callings, in respect of health. The only trade which seems to vie with it in this point is soldiering, which appears likewise to be a healthy occupation. All other callings are far behind these two. Perhaps the third best is the ministry, which is found to be conducive to longevity. One can understand that mechanics in cities must be short-lived; and it is also easy to perceive why lawyers and doctors do not live to great ages, as a general rule; but it is rather surprising that sailors seldom grow very old. Such is the fact. Hardships on the water, seemingly, produce the contrary effect to hardships on the land. There are several well-known instances of statesmen, and men of science and letters, reaching great ages—the names of Humboldt, Goethe, Carroll of Maryland, Newton, Kepler, Halley, Hobbes, Heyne, Dandolo, etc., will at once occur to every mind; but these are the exceptions. The average of life among the men who spin out their brains in cobwebs is low.

Artists, on the contrary, live to great ages. It has been estimated that the average duration of artists' lives is actually fifty-five years, and over twelve per cent. of artists usually live beyond eighty. Michael Angelo at ninety was still a giant.

Again, it is very remarkable that among centenarians the instances of premature deaths—to risk a Hibernicism—are very common. Quite a large proportion of the old people who have lived over 100 years died of some imprudence or other. One old pauper foolishly gets run over and prematurely killed at 119; Mrs. Butcher died of a broken heart at 104; old Jones would have lived to the age of Methuselah, had he not—in comparative youth, when he was a boy of 102—let himself fall from a roof, and broken both his thighs. The fact is, so far as longevity records tell, there is no such thing as dying of old age; and if old men and old women would only take care of themselves, and not go breaking their bones, and tumbling off roofs, there is no saying what age they might not reach.

The subject of diet is manifestly the core of the science of longevity. Most people eat or drink themselves to death. Parr lived on milk and its compounds, and vegetables. In old age he ate frequently, though, probably, sparingly. Louis Cornaro, who lived to 100, the author of one of the best works on longevity we have, was "extraordinarily sober, and dieted himself with such wisdom and precaution, that finding his natural heat decaying by degrees in his old age, he also diminished his diet by degrees, so far as to stint himself to the yolk of an egg for a meal; and sometimes before his death it served him for two." From seventy to eighty, he ate daily twelve ounces of solid food—veal, kid, mutton, fish, etc.,—and drank fourteen ounces of native Italian wine. His commentator and disciple, Lessius, after the usual rules about avoiding made-up dishes, and sudden changes of diet, lays down the general proposition, that the appetite must not be allowed to regulate the quantity of food consumed. Let us compare a few of the authorities on the subject of diet.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cornaro | 12 oz. solid food (animal) | 14 oz. drink. |
| Dr. Cheyne | 8 oz. flesh<br>12 oz. bread or vegetables | 1 pint beer or wine. |
| Sir John Sinclair | 8 oz. of meat<br>8 oz. bread or vegetables<br>8 oz. "liquid food" | 8 oz. tea or coffee.<br>8 oz. water.<br>12 oz. wine or beer. |
| Abernethy | 7 oz. animal food<br>9 oz. bread or vegetables | 16 oz. tea or coffee.<br>6 oz. wine or beer.<br>2 oz. water. |

On this table it must be remarked, that the regimen prescribed is for a country where the atmosphere is usually damp and chill. No such quantities of beer and wine as are here prescribed would be sanctioned by medical authority in the United States.

We have no desire to engage in a controversy with the vegetarians, and will give them the full benefit of the fact that a majority of hale centenarians seem to have subsisted in old age mostly on vegetable diet. Yet the author of the "Code of Health" denounces all vegetables except asparagus, potatoes, and artichokes, and all compounds of milk. He recommends for the diet of old people "light and moist food," soup, mutton, poultry, and fish. And, so far as we are able to judge, this seems conformable to reason.

The same authority advises but one meal in extreme old age. This is a violation of the natural law, which, in aged persons, produces a frequent craving of the appetite. Nor do the arguments of the "Code" establish that the craving should be resisted.

The only rule about which there is no controversy is, that the food of aged persons should be simple, plain, digestible, and moderate in quantity.

With regard to alcoholic stimulants, there is great room for controversy. On the one hand, the tectotalers point to the coagulation of the blood produced by alcoholic drinks, and to the destruction of all bodily organs by undue stimulation. Cornaro declared that "sobriety" was the key of life; by which he meant fourteen ounces of wine per day. But, on the other hand, perhaps a majority of centenarians have used liquors habitually. To quote a few instances. Henry Hastings drank two glasses of wine at each meal, and had always a glass of small beer standing beside him; died at 100. George Kirton was "a heavy drinker; till within ten years of his decease few men indulged in more copious libations of strong drink;" died at 125. Philip Larocque "went regularly to bed drunk twice a week till he was 100;" died at 102. Daniel M'Carthy "for the last seventy years of his life drank plentifully of rum and brandy, which he always took neat; when pressed to take wine-punch he always corrected it by an equal glass of brandy or rum;" died at 111. William Riddell, in the early part of his life, "was noted for his love of brandy—was scarcely ever known to take a glass of water—at ninety was drunk for a fortnight together—for the last two years of his life lived on bread steeped in ardent spirits or ale;" died at 116. Jonas Warren before-mentioned, usually drank three or four pints of ale at a meal; died at 167. Thomas Whittington "actually never took any other liquids into his stomach than ardent spirit—London Gin—of which, until a fortnight before his death, he consumed from one to one and a half pints daily;" died at 104. Petrasch Zartan, the Hungarian, who is said to have died at 185, took "a good-sized glass of brandy daily."

It seems hard to contend, in the teeth of these cases, that alcoholic liquors are necessarily fatal to longevity.

Let us pass to another stimulant—tobacco. The doctors will tell you that tobacco—whether chewed, smoked, or snuffed—is deleterious. But an old widow in Herefordshire, England, who died at 102, smoked incessantly, and was probably killed by the deprivation of her pipe, which her children took from her because she set her clothes on fire. A pauper, James Gibson, smoked—whenever he could get tobacco—several pipes a day, and laid down his last one half an hour before he died; died at 105. Father Macaire, a monk, smoked incessantly; died at 108. Fluellyn Price smoked every evening; died at 101. Thomas Wishart chewed tobacco regularly from the age of seven till his death; died at 124. John de la Somet, of Virginia, was "an inveterate smoker of tobacco;" died at 130. The catalogue might be protracted to any length.

Perhaps one of the most striking facts which meets the eye in an attempt to generalize cases of longevity, is the remarkable preponderance of paupers. It would seem as though rich people could not grow old, and length of life were the peculiar heritage of the poor. Of the persons whose deaths at very advanced ages are recorded a very large proportion were absolute paupers—such unfortunates as the one who at the close of last century was known in a county in England by the desolate name of "Poor-Joe-all-alone," because he was, as he said, alone in the world, without even a roof to cover his head. Numbers of centenarians have gained a living at great ages by begging. Many prisoners and convicts have lived to great ages. A few months ago the Emperor Napoleon pardoned a Frenchman who was 121 years of age, and had been just eighty years in the galleys, having been sentenced for crime under Louis the Fifteenth. Some years ago, a murderer actually served out his time under a sentence to the galleys for life; he was there 100 full years: at the expiration of this period he was sent adrift, but he soon returned and implored the authorities to receive him back again. Pensioners have been known to live over 100 years; one old fellow, who had been disabled 67 years ago, died the other day at Greenwich hospital in England. It may be said, as a general rule, that of ten persons who live over 100 years, nine have led an humble life, and are dependent in old age on public or private charity for support. The reader can reason on the fact.

It should also be noticed that, though strength is a usual concomitant of longevity, deformed persons occasionally live to great ages. Mary Jones of Shropshire, England, whose spine was much curved, and who was only 2 feet 8 inches in height, lived to the age of 100. John Rees, a Welshman, who had been a cripple from his infancy, and walked on crutches, died at 109. John Tice, an Englishman, had a compound fracture of both legs at 80, at 100 he fell into the fire in a fit and was badly burned; yet he lived to 125. Elspeth Watson, a beggar woman, was only 2 feet 9 inches in height; she died at 115, having begged from door to door till within a few days of her death. Blindness is, of course, no impediment to longevity; we find several instances of blind centenarians—one of whom, a woman, who, when a child, was stolen by beggars, and blinded in order to make her an object of compassion, was hale and hearty at 103.

A remarkable illustration of the vital powers of centenarians is found in the frequency of marriages contracted by them at advanced ages. Old Parr's amorous inclinations have been noticed. Similar instances abound. A Russian peasant married at 102 a young girl who bore him two daughters, whom he lived to see married, and mothers. John Rousey, an American, had no heir till he was 100. Iven Williams married his fourth wife at 105, "being minded not to be drawn aside from the path of virtue by designing women." An old Welshman, who died at 105, was followed to the grave by 800 of his descendants, his oldest son being 81 years older than his youngest. It need hardly be remarked that these cases are exceptional. We do not desire to be understood as recommending people to postpone matrimony till they are a hundred. The cases quoted are as undoubted violations of the law of nature as was the practice of Mrs. Lewson, who died at 116, and ascribed her longevity to her abstinence from washing, and her regularity in besmearing her face and neck with hogs' lard.

Mr. Bailey has compiled a catalogue of centenarians, which appears to contain about 2000 cases. It covers not over two centuries, and but a few countries; and even within these limits it is necessarily imperfect. He infers from it that man's life might be prolonged to thrice its present duration, were every one to observe a regular and wholesome diet, to take due exercise, and to avoid ill-temper. Anger is, in his opinion, the great destroyer of life; and, we may add, excessive mental pre-occupation is equally fatal.

The subject is at least worth consideration.

## WOODEN NUTMEGS IN ITALY.

ROME, *January*, 1857.

* * * * * * * I came to Italy prepared to believe in every thing—the Pope included. I am sure I shall leave it believing in nothing but the unsearchable depths of a picture-dealer's rascality.

I wish I were devoid of memory. So should I not remember with pain the simple faith with which the youthful proprietor of the Gallery Doria Pamfill points out to visitors some of the (to me) questionable canvases which decorate his walls. So should I not—having seen the "Prodigal Son" which His Holiness has suspended in the tapestried chamber of the Vatican, and called a master-piece of Murillo—so should I not have ever since entertained distressing doubts as to the Papal infallibility. So should I not have long since been discouraged from following up a profession I loved, by the consciousness that the models were too various, and the Old Masters too marvelously prolific for us slow-going moderns. So should I not, wandering through an ancient gallery, have fallen into such confusion of mind as to view the *Ruisdael* upon the wall with less suspicion than I did the nature without, of which it pretended to be a copy. So should I not carry with me the bewildering consciousness of having actually seen at various times more *originals* of one of the great masters than there were weeks in his life.

If I had advice to give to a young friend starting for Italy, it should be, "Question every thing." Don't rely upon picture-dealers (of course). Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon agents. Don't rely upon disinterested strangers. And, Oh! friend of mine, *don't*, I beseech you, rely upon professional critics and *cognoscenti*. For did not these gentry, to a man, endorse the *quasi* "Cæsar Borgia" in the Borghese Collection? Did they not go into raptures over its marvelous verisimilitude, its characteristic traits, and the undoubted proofs of its Raphaelic origin? Did they not analyze the face, and find in every lineament traces of the unholy passions which prompted its original to crimes of whose very existence a good nature seems to doubt? Did they not find in the remarkably pointed fingers additional evidence of craft and malice? Did they not see even in the loose way of holding the left-hand glove, a characteristic trait of the Man of evil? And yet, are there not found perverse ones who deny to this portrait the authorship of Raphael—who will tell you that the costume is not at all that of the times of the Borgias? And yet others, who pretend to have seen in the little-visited Correr Gallery at Venice, a portrait of a small man, with violently red hair (not in the least resembling the Borghese picture), which is now satisfactorily proven to be *the* only portrait of Cæsar Borgia, which is from the cabinet collection of the Grimani family; and which, finally, these doubters assert to be the genuine Raphaelic counterfeit presentment of the arch-poisoner?

Go to! Believe nothing about a picture except that it *may* be authentic. And if you are wise, content yourself with *copies*. Ten to one you get but a copy if you *pay* for an original; and five to one, you get but the copy of a copy. Of copies there is no lack. In Florence you will find copyists who complete each month a new "Madonna della Sediola." In Naples, others who will have begun their one hundredth sample of the "Gipsy Madonna" of Corregio, ere yet the colors upon the ninety-ninth are dry. And even where noted originals in private collections are withdrawn from the public view, think you copies die out? Not so. Prince Barberini isolated in this way the famed "Beatrice Cenci" of Guido Reni. Are Cenci copies scarcer, or higher-priced, or more valuable, than before? Far from it. You may get them any where and at any price, from two scudi upward, each a most undoubted first copy—so your agent assures you.

Of copyists there are enough. It is safe to say that ninety-nine of every hundred artists who come to Italy to study become copyists—honestly, that is. Some part of these, again, falling entirely from their high estate, become counterfeiters, and labor for a pittance for the grim "antiquaries," to one of whom I will now introduce the "gentle reader."

Of course, *this* man don't paint. It is his constant aim to show that he does not work, and thus to avert suspicion of home-manufacture from his goods. He is virtually "all things unto all men." To-day he is the Marchesi Francavilla, gray-haired and stern, hiding his real character beneath a patrician air and a multitude of decorations. To-morrow he will appear to you simply dressed, wigless, and undecorated—a "plain blunt man," an antiquary. He judges almost instinctively of the degree and kind of his customer's verdancy, and knows at once how to temper his rascality. As circumstances justify, he is either imposingly critical, or abjectly ignorant. So much for the chief. His gallery is hung about with paintings, in studied disarrangement, so far as regards supposed dates or authorship. Thus the buyer, be he even on his guard, is shortly completely bewildered. He skips from one style to another, from one century to another, so often and so quickly as that all memory of peculiarities speedily fades from his mind. So they pass from one room to another, until at last the stranger stops before a canvas concealed by a green curtain. He has already passed it several times. His curiosity is aroused. He demands to see it; and the *maestro* reluctantly withdraws the green silk. It is a Corregio. But, alas, it is sold! What to do in this dilemma? The buyer sees before him a rare prize. Each moment, as he scans it, the painting seems to him to grow more valuable. But the antiquary is unimpressible. It is sold, and to a customer whom it will not do to disappoint. Finally, to show how impossible it is to sell again this prize, he goes to his desk, and extracts from a mass of similar papers, all radiant with the names of Marchesi and Contesi, and in almost indescribable confusion, the deed of sale.

"He can not read well without spectacles, will not his Excellency read and satisfy himself?"

Accordingly his Excellency reads that the Marchesi So-and-so offers such a sum for this picture, reserving to himself, however, the right to take also another at another given price.

*There* is a flaw. Greeny catches at it, offers an advance upon the Marchesi, and finally, after urgent entreaty, finds the picture his. He hurries off to communicate the joyful intelligence to the friend of his heart; first, however, to make all doubly sure, placing his seal upon the back of his prize, and ordering it to be sent immediately to his hotel.

Scarce has he departed, when the antiquary takes down the really well-done *copy* of Corregio, gently separates it from a second but inferior copy which he has placed beneath; and sends *this* (which, of course, bears the owner's seal) immediately to the designated hotel, reserving his finest copy for a second practical joke. He now pulls out a lower drawer of the disorderly desk, and from it takes a neatly-kept ledger. Turning to the proper page he finds under No. 575 the picture sold, with name of painter, date, and price paid. He marks opposite to it the price obtained, and then draws a line across the entire entry, in red ink if the sale was to a foreigner, where detection is not likely; with blue ink if to a native, who may some day discover the cheat and cause him trouble. Casting a hasty glance into the drawer, where are lying ready for use several dozen fictitious and flawy bills of sale, he double locks the desk, and passes to another part of his establishment.

This is the manufactory. The proper entry to this is by a small and modest door at the back of the building. Here wretched painters and roguish practitioners enter to their daily labor. Going up to a nearly-completed Rembrandt, the master covers it with a thin decoction of tobacco and water, and then carefully places it beneath a powerful sun-glass, where the concentrated rays soon evaporate the sharp juices, and produce the desired tone. Passing by a half-finished Salvator Rosa, it strikes him that the upper part will never be rightly toned. So he gives the canvas a punch with his silver-headed cane; and lo! a rent, which shall satisfactorily hide all deficiencies. This the tailor of the establishment (also an artist in his way) proceeds to darn, after the most approved style, and the Salvator has at least $100 added to its value. And so the work goes bravely on, each day adding to the already too formidable list of "Original Paintings by the Old Masters."

'Tis a pity they can't create a few *new* "Old Masters." This only is wanting to make the antiquary trade flourish properly. Think you there would not be found verdant ones to believe also on new old masters?

Good-by. I don't know of any news. Never did. Rome is still pleasant as of yore. And as for shams, are they not found every where?

GIULIO.

## LITERARY.

WHEN the lamented Downing perished in the ill-fated steamer *Henry Clay*, there were many who feared that there was no one to take his place as the guide and director of public taste in rural architecture and landscape gardening, which he had done so much to elevate. Downing was a remarkable man, and the influence of his peculiar genius is now visible in all parts of the country. Wherever a fine villa, a graceful country seat, a well-planned park, or an elegant place is seen, there, direct or indirect, we find the effects of his mind, and oftentimes of his own eye. But he has left able successors. His late partner, *Calvert Vaux*, now publishes a volume which is in all respects worthy of the present state of cultivated architectural taste in this and other countries.

VILLAS AND COTTAGES, a Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States (Harper & Brothers, publishers), is in advance of all former publications of this class, not alone on account of its execution, and the value which attaches to its three hundred engravings, consisting of plans, elevations, villa views, and other illustrations, but as the complete guide to the wealthy citizen or the plain farmer desiring to erect a commodious and elegant house, at such price as may suit his means, large or small. Many of these plans bear the initial of Downing, being such as were in progress at the time of his death. All of them are valuable, and with the clear descriptions and suggestions of the author, will be found practical; so that the person desiring to erect a house, will find in this book plans of buildings, doors, windows, mantles, floors, and all the detailed portions which he could wish a skillful country carpenter to build for him, with abundance of instruction for himself and the carpenter as to the manner and matter of the work. To builders the volume will be a necessity.

With the progress of the country, taste in all things has a higher standard. There is beauty in the old house we lived in when children, and long distant be the day when an architect shall lay his destroying finger on the old gable that the trees have brushed against for half a century. But when we are building new houses let us build them so that they shall not look new, or if they must look new, so that there shall be about them something to look at and love instantly. No white-faced, card-board, two-story-and-basement weather sheds, good for shelter and warmth inside, but cold in winter and hot in summer outside, but pleasant home houses, with graceful roof-trees to invite one under their welcoming eaves, and cornices to cast long shadows down across the windows, and quaint corners in which our eyes may linger seeking thoughts, and a door-step that shall make one love to cross it, and a window that one shall want to look into as well as to look out of; houses that our children may remember with all those glorious memories that hang around a beautiful and beloved home. For we forget too much who build our houses, that we are building homes for memories infinitely outnumbering those who will tread the halls and dream in the chambers, and call it the resting-place of their bodies; memories of countless years that will travel back seeking rest in the old rooms, under the old eaves, by the old fireside, or in the old sunlight falling on the floor; and how much more fixed and faithful will the memory be, how much more certain its home appear if the sunlight on the floor danced through waving leaves and vines, or were edged with the outlines of a lattice or a casement of graceful structure, than if it were only the square white spot of light that comes into the window of a three story brick house on the north side of the street in winter!

We commend Mr. Vaux's book to all who are building homes, whether for plain present comfort, or for future memory.

Robert Carter & Brothers have published TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN CHALDEA AND SUSIANA, *by William Kennett Loftus, F.G.S.* No point of Eastern travel presents more attractions to the explorer or the ordinary seeker after antiquity or novelty, than the country bordering the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. The extreme difficulty of reaching these rivers from the north and west has hitherto deterred most pleasure travelers from this route; but it will not be very long before the wandering American, with his wife and family, will look on the mounds of Babylon as he now looks on the Coliseum or the temples at Pæstum.

In the mean time he must be content with the works of English explorers. No American has yet written of Nineveh or Babylon. Few Americans indeed, if any other than missionaries, have yet visited Mosul. Our poor friend Righter has just died, at Diarbekir on the Tigris, and his grave is another, like that of Henry Martyn at Tocat, to be visited with melancholy footsteps.

Vast progress has been made within a few years in excavating Assyrian mounds. Nineveh and Babylon appear likely to have a partial resurrection in the British Museum. The author of this volume was connected with the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission under the order of Colonel Williams, more recently the hero of Kars, and again visited Susiana in charge of the expedition sent out by the Assyrian Excavation Fund, after Mr. Layard's return, and exchange of Chaldean antiquities for modern British politics. The result of his labors is here. Small, indeed, in proportion to what remains to be done; but deeply interesting, as well in the way of Scriptural as general historical illustration. The chief fact established, thus far, by his work, has been the location of "Shushan the palace," at the modern Shush, east of the Tigris. The account of his excavations there, which are not inferior in interest to any of Layard's explorations, is, perhaps, the most valuable part of the volume, and leaves no reasonable doubt that he has correctly placed the city made memorable in the history of the captive Jews.

There is an intense and absorbing interest in reading the accounts of excavations for antiques, which is equaled only by that which the excavator himself feels in overlooking the slow progress of the work which is to reveal to his anxious eyes the buried relics of long-lost centuries and ages of the world. To sit on a sunny bank in the lands of sunrise, and watch the hundreds of slow-working Moslem fellaheen lifting out earth and sand by the basketful—gradually uncovering a column, a temple, or the door-way to a king's tomb, within which may lie the bones of the dead monarch, surrounded by his dead servants, is the summit of excitement to a man of this nineteenth century who enjoys antiquarian research. Next to superintending the work itself, is the reading of such accounts as this volume now before us.

We have a number of books lying on our table which we should be glad to hand to Mr. Loftus, to lay away in the places from which he takes out Assyrian Archives. Among our late English books we have of this sort, two volumes of DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS, *by Sir Francis B. Head*, which are as dry as Chaldean Manuscripts. They are collected from the *Quarterly Review*, where they might have rested in peace, if their author had not been misled to give them this new attempt at life. A similar fate is reserved to a small book which Murray publishes, by the other *Head* (*Sir Edmund*), who discourses, through a hundred pages 16mo, on the proper use of the words *shall* and *will*—a subject not devoid of interest in itself, but totally uninteresting as here discussed in chapters, which the author very truly remarks in his preface, "might have been better worth reading."

JOHN TAULERUS, or Dr. JOHN TAULER, was a German divine, of the mystic order, of the fourteenth century, who obtained the title of "the Illuminated Doctor." He was a Dominican, and a great preacher. Even Luther praised him to any one who desired "puram solidam, antiquæ simillimam theologiam legere, in Germanica lingua effusam." Various editions of his sermons have appeared since the earliest days of printing; and we have now a very elegant London edition of his Life, and a selection from the Sermons, translated into English, with a preface, *by Rev. Charles Kingsley*, who much admires the old Dominican, and thinks that his sermons may do good in this day. The work is very expensively gotten up, in quarto form, on heavy tinted paper, and indicates a certainty of a sale on the part of the publishers which we should by no means anticipate from the subject-matter of the sermons, or the interest attaching to the old Doctor.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD is the title of a new book, published by Derby & Jackson, the author of which, *A. S. Roe*, is author of "I've been Thinking," and other stories, whose popularity will insure this book a welcome.

SONGS AND BALLADS, *by Sidney Dyer*, are published by Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. Most of them have already been set to music.

A HISTORY OF THE INVASION AND CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON, *by John S. Williams*, an Officer of the Army in the War of 1812 (Harper & Brothers), will be esteemed an important addition to the historical literature of the country, as well as a worthy defense of men whose names and acts are sacred trusts to their children and successors. Mr. Williams has devoted himself to a thorough and reliable history of that passage in the last war which reflected more disgrace on the invaders than on those who retreated before them, and shows that politicians in the court then, as often before and since, were the real causes of weakness in the camp.

Ticknor & Fields announce a new household edition of the WAVERLEY NOVELS. The specimen promises one of the most exquisite editions of the great author yet published. The illustrations on steel are very fine, and the type and page are clear, readable, and beautiful. The public are already indebted to this house for a large portion of the most choice and elegant additions to our home and imported literature.

An interesting discussion has been for some time going on in some of the foreign literary papers on the authorship of the favorite tune, OLD HUNDREDTH, commonly ascribed to *Luther*. The difficulty urged against this idea is, that Luther has left no written words that can be sung to Old Hundredth, or Old Hundred, as it is now generally known.

### ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

*Derby & Jackson.*

John Bunyan's Holy War, Pilgrim's Progress; Defoe's Robinson Crusoe; Fielding's Tom Jones; Goldsmith's Rasselas and Vicar of Wakefield; Hannah More's Cœlebs; Miss Porter's Thaddeus of Warsaw; Mrs. Radcliffe's Mysteries of Udolpho; Sterne's Tristam Shandy. Smollett's Roderick Random; Swift's Gulliver's Travels; The Swiss Family Robinson. Each of the above is 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

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Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures. By John Eadie, D.D. 1 vol. 8vo, $3.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 9th February, Senator Fitch, of Indiana, was sworn in as a member of the United States Senate, it being understood that an investigation shall be made into the legality of his election. The House passed a bill appropriating $300,000 for a road from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, to the Eastern boundary of California, through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. The impeachment of Judge Watrous, of Texas, was considered, and postponed to Saturday; the bill establishing collection districts was also debated. A resolution discharging Mr. Simonton from custody was passed.—On Tuesday, 10th, notice was given in the Senate of a bill providing for the mode of electing United States Senators by the State Legislatures. Mr. Fitch's case was referred to the Judiciary Committee. In the House, the bill establishing collection districts was tabled; the bill of the Senate subsidizing the Ocean Telegraph was referred to the Post-office Committee; the Tariff bill was debated.—On Wednesday, 11th, the Senate met the House in joint convention to count the votes for President and Vice-President. On the vote of Wisconsin being tendered, objection was made on the ground that the electors of that State had met on the 4th instead of the 3d December, as required by the State Constitution; but the presiding officer declined to entertain the objection or to hear debate. After the adjournment of the convention, the subject was debated in both Houses without result. Majority and minority reports were received from the Committee on Territories, relative to the Kansas delegate.—On Thursday, 12th, the Senate adopted a resolution inquiring into the failure of the mails between Washington and New York. A committee of three to make arrangements for the Inauguration was directed to be appointed by the President. In the House a motion to table the majority report of the Committee on Territories, declaring Mr. Whitfield not entitled to a seat as Delegate from Kansas, was lost. The tariff was discussed in Committee of the Whole. Both Houses concurred in the appointment of a committee to notify the President and Vice-President of their election; and in both motions to reconsider the admission of the Wisconsin Presidential vote were lost.—On Friday, 13th, notice was given in the Senate of a bill providing for the distribution among the States of the proceeds of the sales of public lands. Both Houses were occupied with private bills.—On Saturday, 14th, the bill authorizing the construction of a wagon road from the Mississippi to California was passed, as also a bill granting lands to Minnesota for Railroad purposes. The amended Dallas Treaty was returned from the Committee on Foreign Affairs and was discussed in executive session. The House was occupied with the Tariff and various private bills.

### WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Who killed the Dallas Treaty? This is almost as nice a question as the one that every one has been asking his neighbor, in New York, in reference to poor Dr. Burdell. But it seems that Senator Douglas had a hand in the former murder, and that General Cass and other Western men were accomplices. Rumor represents Senator Mason and other Southern men as having made gallant but ineffectual endeavors to save the life of the defunct.

The daily papers are full of cabinet programmes. Each day produces a fresh batch. Rumor has it that a powerful effort was lately made by the democratic friends of Mr. Robert G. Walker in favor of his appointment to the State Department. A party of gentlemen are said to have bearded Mr. Buchanan, at Wheatland, with a round robin in that sense. But it doth not appear that our politic President vouchsafed any reply, except that he was satisfied that Mr. Walker had deserved well of his country during his connection with Mr. Polk's administration. Mr. Walker himself is understood to have stated that he did not expect so high an honor. On another hand, Hon. Howell Cobb is freely talked of for the same post. It seems generally understood that General Cass is out of the question. But Mr. Marcy has friends in this State who urge upon Mr. Buchanan, in view of the indisputable ability which he has shown during Mr. Pierce's administration, to retain him where he is. In the opinion of news-letters, Mr. Cobb's chances are the best.

Rumor further hath it that Mr. Clifford has been offered the Attorney-generalship, and Senator Bright the Secretaryship of the Interior.

*On dit* that Mr., not Senator, Forney has transferred his expectations from the Post-office to the Consulate at Liverpool. Any port in a storm.

On the same authority—and on no other—it may be predicted that Hon. John Slidell will replace the Hon. Cæsar Augustus Dodge at Madrid.

No plausible conjecture has yet been formed as to Mr. Dallas's successor at the Court of St. James. On the other hand, every body promises to receive Lord Napier well at Washington. He is already as well known there as he is any where else. His old quarrel with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, as every body knows, by living among Turks, has become a perfect Turk, has been discussed in every *salon*, and every body says Lord Napier was in the right, of course. His beautiful and accomplished wife, and four sons, are also expected. The latter, it is understood, will go to Canada to be educated. Why not try to keep them here, and infuse a little honest democracy into them?

Every body wants to have his particular friend in the Cabinet. At least twelve politicians, not one of whom has the least chance, have been certified to Mr. Buchanan during the past week to be indispensable. It is understood that the dissolution of the confederacy will be inevitable if J. Glancy Jones is overlooked.

The Investigating Committee will have reported by the time this paper reaches the reader. Rumor saith that at least two members of Congress will have an opportunity of revisiting their constituents so soon as its disclosures are made public. Mr. Simonton, of the *Daily Times*, has been enlarged, to his own satisfaction and the relief of the Committee. But how he was set free, and why, are terrible mysteries. It seems that he was examined, but did not disclose the names which he had refused to mention on his former examination; yet the Committee made haste to report a resolution for his liberation. The report will probably tell the story. Mr. Greeley, about whom the Committee hear queer stories in connection with a draft for $1000, is in Iowa, lecturing for $50 a night, and having, he says, very hard times. The Committee, it seems to be generally admitted, will have cleared the air; but Minnesota may yet get land for railroad purposes.

Active preparations are being made for the Inauguration. It is expected that 100,000 visitors will throng to Washington on the 4th. Over a thousand dollars' worth of tickets have already been sold for the Inauguration ball. The political clubs of Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, are going in a body.

Two gentlemen from Virginia shot at each other three times on Saturday, in presence of Mr. Keitt, and others, without hurting each other. The meeting was on the favorite ground near Mr. Blair's. Our Virginian friends are evidently losing their repute as marksmen.

### THE STATE LEGISLATURES.

Governor King, of New York, has vetoed the Supply Bill, on the ground that it provides for the payment of moneys to members of the Legislature acting as commissioners of one kind or other during the recess. The House sustained the veto.

Governor Johnson, in his message to the California Legislatures, reviews with censure the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee, and recommends the prompt legalization of the State debt, together with the passage of laws imposing taxes to provide for the interest thereon. —David C. Broderick, for the long term, and Wm. M. Gwin for the short, have been elected United States Senators from California.

The Legislature of Missouri has passed resolutions against the emancipation of slaves, by votes of 25 to 4 in the Senate, and 107 to 69 in the House.

The Louisiana Legislature has adopted a resolution protesting against the repeal of the sugar tax.

### THE TERRITORIES.

### WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The President has censured Governor Stevens for declaring martial law. The Secretary puts the reprimand thus: "While the President does not bring into question the motives by which you were actuated, he is induced, by an imperative sense of duty, to express his distinct disapproval of your conduct, so far as respects the proclamation of martial law. Were the President able to adopt the conclusion that martial law could in any case be established without express legislative authority, he could not find such a case in the state of things in Washington Territory, as you have presented them. Where rebellion, or a formidable insurrection, had in effect overthrown the civil government, martial law has been occasionally resorted to as the only means left for its re-establishment. Martial law has also been resorted to in aid of the Government, when in imminent danger of being overpowered by internal or external foes. In such cases the measure has been regarded as excusable; but it never can be excusable where the object in resorting to martial law was to act against the existing Government of the country or to supersede its functionaries in the discharge of their proper duties. The latter seems to have been the principal ground you had for proclaiming martial law. Your conduct in that respect does not, therefore meet with the favorable regard of the President."

### HOW BRIGHAM YOUNG LIVES WITH HIS SIXTY WIVES.

A correspondent from Salt Lake City writes: Brigham resides in a large two-story house, some fifty feet square, built in a neat style, and furnished as sumptuously as the country can afford. In this house lives with him his wife (for although he has more than sixty concubines, she alone is recognized as a wife, the others are called "spirituals") and her four children—two girls and two boys. She is not, however, his first wife, for when she married Brigham he was a widower with three children—two girls and a boy—who are now all married. His "spirituals," or, as they are sometimes called, "fixins," occupied small houses in the neighborhood of the gubernatorial mansion, living generally two or three in a house; but Brigham found that as the population of the city increased this plan did not suit—his *fixins* had too much liberty; in fact, they would, as he expressed it, allow brethren to "get between their sheets." He therefore had a large establishment built adjoining his residence, containing sixty small rooms, then surrounded the whole premises with a stone wall, twenty feet in height. Into this harem he proposed to put the majority of his spirituals, make them take turns in cooking, washing, etc., and thus have them under his own immediate supervision. The females, however, with unpardonable obstinacy, refused to enter into this arrangement; and although finally compelled, did so not without much grumbling and "whining." This circumstance called forth the sympathy of their sisters in misery, and the Prophet found it necessary to thunder his anathemas upon their unprotected heads. They say no more; the fire is smothered, not quenched. I am told by an eye-witness of the scene, that Brigham, walking down the street, a few days since, met a little boy returning from the mountain side with a few cows, which he had been herding. Struck with something in his appearance, the Prophet stopped, and called out, "Here, sonny! tell me, now, whose son you are." The little curly-headed urchin answered, "Ma tells me I'm brother Young's son, but you ought to know who I am." The seer knew not his own child!

### WHAT A MORMON BABY IS LIKE.

The same writer says:

In regard to the Mormon children, they appear like a neglected, uncared-for set, generally dirty and ill-clad. The majority of them are girls, and this troubles the women very much, *for they know that a female is doomed to slavery and a life of misery.* It is also a singular fact that a large proportion of them are white-headed. These children are suffered to grow up in ignorance and vice. Without the hallowed influence of home to restrain them, they are vicious, profane, and obscene. Some of the worst language I ever heard fell from the lips of urchins in the street; but when the most profane and indecent language is heard in their Tabernacle, and all other public meetings, no one can expect any other result. The Mormons boast or exult in calling things, as they say, by their right names; all parts of the human body are spoken of familiarly, in terms that would make any body but a Mormon blush, and they say it is a part of their duty, if not of their religion, to teach their children a knowledge of the "issues of life," as they term it.

### A STIFF HUSBAND.

A correspondent from Marion, Smythe County, Virginia, writes as follows:

"We have within half a mile of this place, an individual who has remained in one position (flat on his back) for sixteen years or more. His joints are as stiff as though he had never had any; he can move his head slightly, can move his hands a little, is unable to eat a single mouthful unless put into his mouth by another person; is fat, very hearty and cheerful, and within the last two years has married a good-looking and hearty girl, and is raising a family of children. The clergyman who married this man said he had some scruples about it, until he had a long conversation with both the parties. He saw they were bent on being married. The young lady stood by the bed of the groom (she could not take his hand for he could not reach it out), and they were made one."

### ANOTHER DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

A singular case of hydrophobia occurred in East Fellowship township, Chester county, last week, which resulted in the death of a lad named John Good, son of Jacob Good. The boy was at the barn with his brother, and saw a pretty little black dog pass by, which he ran out and picked up, and played with him for some time. The dog, however, bit him on the finger, making a slight incision. The wound was tied up, and no serious result was apprehended, as the dog was not supposed to be mad. One morning, after the occurrence, the lad attempted to wash his face, and having immersed his hands in the water, was seized with convulsions of so violent a character that he died in a few hours. The lad was remarkably promising, and a great favorite for his many exemplary qualities. He was about 13 years of age.

### DOGBERRY A LINGUIST.

The fame which Coroner Connery has acquired by his demeanor on the Burdell inquest, has led to the resuscitation of the following reminiscence: A few months ago he held an inquest upon the body of an Irishman, who was killed by an Italian. During the investigation he examined the Italian, who did not understand a word of English, when the following colloquy occurred:

CORONER. Do you speak English?

ITALIAN. (Demonstrations either that he did not understand English, or the question, or both).

CORONER. Do you speak German?

ITALIAN. Same demonstrations as before.

CORONER. Do you speak French?

ITALIAN. Same demonstrations as before.

CORONER. Do you speak Spanish?

ITALIAN. Demonstrations as before.

CORONER. Do you speak Latin?

ITALIAN. Demonstrations as before.

CORONER. (*Expanding exultingly*): There, gentlemen of the Jury, you see I have addressed him in five different languages, and he does not understand *one*.

### SEEING THE ELEPHANT IN AN ORTHODOX WAY.

A few weeks since the following announcement was made in connection with a Presbyterian Church in Baltimore:

"The ladies of the Sixth Church, corner of Maryland Avenue and Sixth Street, respectfully announce to the public that their fair is now open, and that they will be most happy to receive visits from all who feel disposed to patronize them, and promote the cause in which they are engaged. The committee of arrangements are most happy to announce that they have succeeded, at a considerable expense, in making an arrangement with the proprietor of the celebrated elephant, Young Columbus, who has created such a *furore* in private circles in this city, and that he will exhibit his wonderful sagacity and *amazing intellect* in the performance of various astonishing feats between the hours of nine and ten, during the week."

### WOLVES TURNED FILIBUSTERS.

An Iowa paper says: "We learn from a gentleman who arrived in our city yesterday from Sioux City, that the wolves in the river counties have been driven to such straits by the snow and cold weather, that they have become so ravenous as to destroy horses and cattle to a considerable extent, and that they have often attacked persons. On the evening of the 5th instant, a son and daughter of Mr. Stockdale left their residence, on a fork of the Little Sioux River, in Woodbury, to attend a party at a neighbor's, about two miles distant, and have not since been heard of. On the morning of the 6th, the bereaved parents sent to Southon for assistance, and searched the neighborhood around them, and as no traces of the lost ones had been found, the conclusion is that they had been attacked by the wolves and devoured. A gentleman from Wisconsin, who visited Iowa lately, states in a private letter recently received in this city, that he was chased for miles by these ravenous creatures, and barely escaped from them with his life. He describes them as frightfully ferocious, being apparently almost starved to death."

### THEY HAD SOME OF THE PORK.

The stir made by the Investigating Committee at Washington has given birth to some good stories. A member from this State, suspected of connection with the land bills, recently undertook to repel the imputations cast upon his character in presence of a large number of persons, among whom was a lawyer, who was in attendance upon the Supreme Court. M—— said he had been more slandered and abused than any other man, but his constituents always stood by him—he had been re-elected repeatedly, and every time by an increased majority. This, he said, was the best evidence in the world that the charges against him were unfounded and calumnious. The lawyer, Mr. R., replied that there did seem to be the best understanding between the gentleman and his constituents—that his hands were probably as clean as theirs, and that if he had made money, they had no doubt shared it with him.

The gentleman's argument, he said, reminded him of a case that was tried at Grand Rapids, Michigan, a few years ago. A man who had previously borne a rather suspicious character, was indicted for stealing a large quantity of pork. He employed a lawyer of considerable local reputation to defend him, and although the affair had an ugly look, he was strongly in hopes of getting off clear; but when the testimony on behalf of the prosecution was concluded, his guilt was as clear as the sun at noonday, and his counsel was about to give up the case in despair. But the prisoner was as cool as a cucumber, and confident of acquittal. He insisted upon the defense being proceeded with.

"Have you any evidence to refute this overwhelming array of testimony?"

"Not a particle."

"Then how the devil do you expect to clear?"

"Never you mind, Squire—go on with your speech, I shall do well enough."

"I tell you this is trifling and nonsense. You acknowledge you stole the pork, and they have proved it upon you, to the entire satisfaction of every man in court. Now, what can I say?"

"Make 'em a good speech, Squire, and I am safe to get off."

"Impossible—there's nothing to be said."

"I hired you, and I intended to pay you, but not a cent shall you have, unless you give the jury a talking to."

Under this inspiration, the lawyer made a rambling, incoherent address to the jury, in which every thing was discussed except the case under consideration. On concluding, he whispered in the prisoner's ear—"You infernal scoundrel, I ought to be sent to the State Prison myself; and what you expect to gain by this strange proceeding I can't conceive."

"I'll tell you when the jury come in."

After a charge from the Judge, in which his criminality was distinctly asserted and maintained, that intelligent part of the "palladium of our rights" retired for consultation, and in a short time came back with a verdict of "Not guilty."

"What in thunder does this mean?" inquired the lawyer of his client.

"Oh, I wanted you to make a small fuss to pull the wool over the outsiders, but 'twas a sure thing from the start, for *three of them jurymen had some of the pork!*"

### A BALTIMORE MISER.

A correspondent of a city journal thus sketches the late Moses Shephard of Baltimore, whose recent death will be remembered: "The circumstances revealed by the death of this extraordinary man are as extraordinary as any of the incidents of his life. His morbid parsimony not only adhered to him up to his latest breath, but is perpetuated by his will. He was worth over half a million of dollars, the bulk of which he dedicated to the establishment of an insane asylum, and left not a single cent to the poor old woman who kept house for him on starvation board and wages for many years. He left but a miserable pittance to his man servant, and only $500 to his nephews, who were his nearest relatives, and poor. Only two or three weeks before his death, he called his old housekeeper to his bedside to say that, as milk had risen to eight cents a quart, they must take but a pint for the future. He left a number of poor relations, whom a small bequest would have made comfortable. He gave away considerable money, however, yet never under the impulse of personal feeling, but as he economized, according to a system. He has at times bestowed small sums toward the colonization cause, which, for many years, has been the constant theme of his conversation. He seems, however, to have very recently lost confidence in the utility of that movement, for I understand that he has left the society nothing of consequence. Mr. Latrobe, the president of the society, was one of his most familiar friends.

"He never indulged himself with more than two meals a day, and one of those consisted usually of bread and milk. His letters, of which I have several, were written upon the cheapest and coarsest kind of paper. The sheet was always cut off close under the signature, so that none of it should be wasted. I do not remember to have ever received a whole sheet from him in the course of our correspondence."

### DEATH ACTING AS POLICE OFFICER.

The other day, a man, name unknown, was killed by falling from the express railway train near Stratford. The deceased proves to be an Irishman named James Maguire, who had been employed by a Mr. Rae of Newton, Massachusetts, and some articles on his person marked "Rae" led to the supposition at the time that that was his name. A day or two before the accident, the house of the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, of Newton, was robbed of silver ware valued at about $150. A boy in the service of Mr. Woodbridge was found tied to his bed in the basement, and his story was that he had been set upon by three men who had broken into the house, and left him in the condition in which he was found; but after a rigid cross-examination, he stated that Maguire was the robber, and that before he left the house he made him swear upon a bible that he would keep the matter secret. An officer was at once sent to arrest Maguire, but he had got wind of it and was not to be found. Thus the matter rested for a day or two longer, when a further examination of the person of deceased was made, and certain articles found, which led Mr. Quintard, Assistant Superintendent of the Road, to believe that the man was a thief, and he at once telegraphed the facts to Boston, and the Postmaster at Stratford wrote a letter to Newton, giving a description of the deceased and of the articles found, which turn out to be the identical articles stolen from the house of Mr. Woodbridge. The body has been recognized as that of Maguire, and the person sent on to identify it having refused to remove the body, it has been interred at Stratford. The carpet-bag of the deceased was taken to New York, and upon being opened all the articles belonging to Mr. Woodbridge were found.

### AFRAID OLD MISSIS WILL RISE.

A few weeks ago, during the excitement about the negro insurrections near Nashville, an old negro man was found secreted in a piece of woods a few miles from town, evidently laboring under great fear and trepidation. On being asked why he was there, he said he was afraid to stay at the house where he belonged, and which was close by. "What are you afraid of?" was asked. "Why," he said, "*ole missis* has gone to bed with a pistol on one side of her and a great big knife on the other, and I'm afraid she'll *rise!*"

### THE LOST STEAMSHIP ARCTIC IN COURT.

A curious case is pending before one of our courts. George Guynet and family were lost in the Steamship *Arctic*. Mrs. Guynet left a considerable estate. The creditors of Mr. Guynet applied to the surrogate a short time since to have their debts paid out of the estate of Mrs. Guynet. The points of law are, if Mrs. Guynet died first, the estate would revert to the children; the supposition of law is that they would die next, being weaker, etc., upon which the estate would revert to Mr. Guynet, when his creditors would have a claim upon it. But if Mr. Guynet died first, and the wife last, then the estate will revert to her blood relations. Captain Luce has been examined, but has not thrown much light on the point in dispute.

### THE MURDER CROP.

It rains murders. Ever since the Burdell case, the papers have been full of nothing else. Here is a horrid case at Hingham, Massachusetts:

### A MAN POISONED WITH ARSENIC.

Hosea J. Gardner was poisoned with arsenic last week at Hingham. The popular impression is that his wife was the murderess.

### APPEARANCE OF MRS. GARDNER.

The woman appeared without counsel, but was apparently self-possessed and very calm. She is about fifty years of age, and nearly six years the senior of the deceased, rather tall and of masculine appearance. She has a high forehead, black hair, large and expressive black eyes, cheeks somewhat sunken, but by no means prepossessing in appearance for a woman of her age. Her look was that of boldness, if not defiance. She took a seat at the table opposite the magistrate, and regarded the proceedings with great interest.

At 4 o'clock Justice Lewis read the complaint to the defendant. It charges her substantially with administering a quantity of arsenic to her husband, in gin and water, with malice aforethought, with intent to kill and murder, and that the deceased came to his death by poison thus administered by her hand.

The magistrate then asked, "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

To which the woman replied, "I am not guilty. I am perfectly innocent, and I say that before my Maker; and what such a story as that could be made from I don't see. It is true that I mixed some gin in loaf-sugar and water for my husband, but it is not true that I ever mixed any arsenic, or ever bought a mite of arsenic in my life."

It was fully proved that she had bought the arsenic, and that her husband stood in fear of his life from her; on which the magistrate committed her to stand her trial for murder.

#### A CHILD SAID TO BE MURDERED BY HER MISTRESS.

In June last, Anna Hilton, nine years old, was adopted from the Five Points House of Industry by Mrs. Simson Decker, at Long Neck, Staten Island. On Wednesday last the child died, and a coroner's jury found that she "came to her death by being beaten in a brutal manner, from exposure, and from want of proper nourishment, at the hands of Mrs. Matilda Ann Decker." Mrs. D. is now in Richmond county jail. The testimony shows that the child was made to do the family washing in an open yard in the severest weather; that she had nothing on her feet, and but scanty clothing on her body; that her feet were frozen, and she put them in the oven of the stove, where they were burned to a blister; that she could not walk, but was made to do housework still, creeping about on her hands and knees until her knees were dreadfully lacerated; that she was habitually beaten with a broomstick, and treated with the utmost cruelty in every way; in fact, deliberately starved and pounded to death. Of course, there is great excitement in the neighborhood. The Directors of the Mission have taken the business in hand, and the whole matter will be sifted thoroughly.

#### A BRIDE TO BE HANGED AT QUEBEC FOR POISONING HER HUSBAND.

A French-Canadian woman named Anais Bisson, aged 22 years, has been sentenced to death at Quebec, Canada, for poisoning her husband. In sentencing her, the judge said: "Your victim was your husband—the man to whom, but a few days before, at the foot of the altar of your God, you have sworn love and fidelity. It is painful to say that at the solemn moment when the priest, in the holy temple, raised his hands to implore the benediction of Heaven upon you and your husband, the death of your husband was meditated. We are now aware it was so, for on the very day subsequent to the publication, for the first time, of your bans of marriage, you declared to a friend that if your husband did not please you you would poison him.

"You have but a few days to live. I conjure you to reflect upon the account of your short career you will be called upon to render. Whatever the enormity of your crime may be, the mercy of God is infinite. Forthwith send for a priest, and put all your confidence in Him. The time is short, but it is sufficient by a sincere repentance to reconcile you to God.

"I will now pass upon you the sentence of the law, which is, that you, Anais Toussaint, widow of Joseph Bisson, be taken back from hence to the common jail of this district, whence you came, and that on the 3d day of April next you be taken thence to the ordinary place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The prisoner seemed much affected while the awful sentence was being pronounced, and sobbed the whole time. Judge Duval spoke with much emotion, and many of those present in court shed tears.

When the judge had concluded speaking, the clerk of the crown asked the prisoner if she had any thing to say why execution should not be awarded according to judgment.

The prisoner, who was still crying, answered, "I am not guilty," (*"Je ne suis pas coupable."*)

#### THIRD HUSBAND KILLED BY HIS WIFE.

Yet a third case of murder by a wife is in the papers. A Mr. Kellogg, of Delaware County, Iowa, was most brutally murdered by his wife, in the night of January 9. It seems they had lived very unhappily together for some time, and at the time of the murder occupied different beds. The heads of the beds were at some distance from the wall, and she, during his sleep, deliberately chopped his head with an axe in a most frightful manner. One blow inflicted a deep wound directly into the brain, over the left eye, extending to the top of the head. Two others were on the right of the skull, causing immediate insensibility, though he retained life for about eighteen hours. The circumstances are rendered more painful by the fact that the woman expected hourly to assume the new relation of mother, which has since transpired.

#### A MURDERED MAN APPEARS AND GIVES EVIDENCE IN HIS OWN CASE.

But the best of the murder cases comes from Detroit. There, a few days since, a peddler, named Samuel Kiter, aged nineteen, entered the house of a man named Bickly, whose family consists of three ladies and a little son. The peddler was missed by his friends. He was traced to Bickly's house. He had never been seen to leave that house afterward.

The three ladies in Bickly's family, Mrs. Mary Bickly, Miss Norah Bickly, and Mrs. Mary Sheehan, were arrested on the charge of murder, and lodged in jail at Detroit. Old Bickly and his son were not taken, because they were too unwell to be removed. The examination of the parties commenced on Friday.

The murdered man's brother testified that he had visited the prisoners' house and made a search. Saw fresh blood on the floor and wall; found bones and a piece of cloth in a barrel of ashes; he thought the cloth belonged to his brother's vest; saw blood on the barn and on the snow.

A neighbor, named Mrs. Hannah Clark, had talked with the accused relative to the blood; told them murders were always found out; on one particular night the witness smelled the burning of woolen very strongly, and also the burning of fresh meat; she thought the neighbors were cooking meat for the bee. The old lady told her, since the blood had been found, that a man had stopped there over night, and came over to her house to get a shilling to give him in change.

A man named Peabody saw blood and "smelt something burning."

Captain Alvord saw blood; dug into it with a knife, and found human hairs, some of them six or seven inches long, of a dark-brown color; found another spot about forty or fifty rods off, in the road; dug into that and found some more hairs, a dozen or fifteen in all. Went back to the house, saw the blood before described, and some more on a flour barrel; saw a piece of bed-ticking about as large as the top of the table (about 24 by 36 inches), with several spots of blood upon it two or three inches in diameter. It was taken out of the bed.

The counsel were about summing up the case on Saturday, when a little Dutchman (the peddler), who had stood with his hands in his pockets a quiet spectator of the scene, stepped forth, and protested against any such liberties being taken with his affairs, declaring that he had neither been slaughtered nor burnt up; and as to being dissolved into the small show of sheep-bones and horse-hair which the table before him afforded, he felt indignant at the idea.

#### THE DELUGE AT ALBANY.

Albany has again been overflowing, and the inhabitants of that worthy town are again traversing squares and streets in boats. It seems that on Saturday, the creeks and larger tributaries of the Mohawk broke up, swelling the latter river, so that it soon overflowed its banks. The impetuous wave, sweeping on with a gigantic power, reached the Hudson on Sunday evening. For a time the ice proved strong enough to resist the force of the flood. But it was for a brief interval only. Gradually the barrier began to give way, and in a short time a great portion of the city of Troy was flooded. The broken ice would sweep down until it became wedged. Thence it would rise a vast barrier stretching from shore to shore—damming up the waters until in time they became strong enough to overcome the obstruction. Then another momentous break, a retreat of a few rods, and the wedged cakes would reform into solid, compact masses, strong enough to set back the impetuous flood. Thus gradually retreated upon the city the opposing forces. At Bath, a mile or two above the ferry, was the scene of the last combat that held for a time in check the impending destruction. All Sunday evening the noise of the battle could be heard through the streets—the crushing ice resembling the discharges of heavy artillery. About 4 o'clock on Monday morning the last barrier gave way, and the victorious waters swept down upon the city, bearing before them their vanquished foes—the monster battalions of ice. For hours they swept in huge masses past the city—now bearing with them tenanted houses, from whose chimneys the smoke still curled, and now the wrecks of bridges, the *debris* of the docks, piles of lumber, almost limitless in extent, drowned cattle, and occasionally human beings struggling, but ineffectually, to escape from the whirling masses. About nine miles below the city the dam again formed.

#### VIEW FROM THE EXCHANGE.

An eye-witness describes the view from the Exchange as truly grand and awful. So far as the eye could reach, nothing but destruction met the view. The river, filled with huge cakes of ice, piled one above the other in a confused mass, swept dashing, crashing by; while at every 200 or 300 feet apart, were piles of lumber, lumber offices, boats, hogsheads, etc. The most appalling sight was that of one pile of lumber on which, standing erect, was the figure of a man! Down, down by the city, and away out of sight the funeral pile (we fear) passed on, on to the death of the unfortunate person on it. God grant that by some miraculous interposition of His power the man gained a place of safety.

Looking north nothing met the eye but interminable fields of ice, and never-ending piles of lumber; while at Bath it was perceivable that the entire eastern part of the village was under water.

#### PERIL OF CROSSING THE RIVER.

It was dangerous to cross the river in a boat; and a party, consisting of Lola Montes, her niece, agent, and a friend, who left Stanwix Hall in a skiff boat for the Boston dépôt, came near being stranded by coming in contact with a cake of ice. The boat was carried down the river, and when opposite the Greenbush ferry dock it became imbedded in the ice, and the party would have perished had it not been for some heroic men, who, by means of boards, made a safe pathway from the shore to the boat, over which they were safely conducted to the shore, and thence to the dépôt, where they took the train.

#### THE BREAK-UP AT CINCINNATI.

The ice has broken up at Cincinnati, too. After two false starts, on Thursday, soon after twelve o'clock, the ringing of bells and the scream of steam-whistles proclaimed a third start of the ice. This time the start was in earnest, for only a few temporary stoppages occurred afterward. Very soon the levee and the landing in Newport and Covington were crowded with thousands of spectators. The windows that commanded a view of the river were thronged with ladies, and many ladies were driven down in buggies to view the exciting scene. As incidents occurred here or there, or boats were struck, the multitude dashed through the mud to the spot, with deafening shouts and yells. General excitement prevailed. No one could calculate how many of the beautiful craft lying at the landing might soon be reduced to wrecks.

Nor was the more powerful stimulus of personal jeopardy wanting to throw a melo-dramatic effect into the scene; for as the ice paused at intervals in its progress, which was at times extremely rapid, daring—or rather fool-hardy—individuals would cross, or attempt to cross, from one shore to the other. Such adventurers were watched with breathless interest as they stepped from one cake of ice to another, or struggled nervously among the smaller but closely packed masses. Cries of warning and shouts of encouragement saluted them at every turn. If compelled by danger to return, the laughter of ridicule, or if the journey was successfully completed, the hurrah of triumph, told how deeply the multitude were interested. The dramatic effect of the whole was heightened by the accompanying music of shrill whistles, clanging bells, orders hoarsely vociferated by the boat officers, the harsh grating of the ice, and the rattle of crushing planks and falling spars when the boats were struck.

#### A MAN OWNED BY HIS WIFE.

There is a negro in Memphis who is said to possess an estate worth $50,000. This negro belongs to his wife, a free colored woman, in whose name the property is held.

#### COLLISION AT SEA.

The ship *Great Western* arrived here during the week in a crippled condition, and reports having been run into by a vessel between Georges Shoals and Nantucket on the 8th. A very dense fog had enveloped the ship through the day, which the night rendered quite impenetrable, so that objects could not be discerned half the ship's length. The ship was by wind, with a good breeze, and the passengers were all below in their berths, when, all of a sudden, the bowsprit of a large ship was seen peering through the darkness; Captain Furber saw the apparition, but had only time to utter a loud command for every man to take care of himself, when the crash followed. The stranger came quartering on to the *Great Western*, from forward, striking her exactly amidships, on the starboard side, her bowsprit first encountering the mainmast, which was broken into four pieces, and carried over the weather rail—the maintopmast coming down endwise and passing through the deck, on the starboard side, breaking off a deck beam in its descent, and ripping up the planks of the deck for a space of ten feet; the yards and every thing attached to the mainmast fell like an avalanche of wrecked matter upon the deck, together with the mizzentopmast and its yards. The ship's side was badly crushed in above the lower deck—four of the heavy beams were broken, with all the carlins between. The deck was ripped up, and the whole topwork amidships received a terrible shock. Strange to say, not a person was killed amidst this fearful crash. A woman and five children slept in the berths directly under where the topmast penetrated the deck, but they were not harmed; and a young woman in an adjoining berth was not made aware of the accident until awakened by a general scream from the frightened passengers. A spare main yard, which lay fore-and-aft along the waterways, inside of strong timber heads, was broken off, and no doubt prevented a worse disaster to the side of the ship.

Not a word was exchanged between the vessels, and the unknown ship swung clear, leaving the fragments of her headwork upon the decks of the *Great Western*. The wreck was cleared away as soon as possible, the topmast being sawed in two, and the lower half left between decks. The holes in the side and on deck were covered with boards and canvas to keep out the sea and the falling rain and snow.

The next morning Captain Furber saw a ship without a bowsprit and cutwater, which he judged to be the ship that had run into him.

#### EARTHQUAKES IN CALIFORNIA.

The last California mail brought the intelligence that, on the morning of the 9th of January, several severe earthquake-shocks were felt throughout the State, extending from San Diego to the north of Sacramento, and from the coast line to the upper valleys of the Sierra Nevada. It is estimated that no less than sixty shocks of earthquakes have occurred in California during the past five years, and the apprehension that they may be followed by still more terrible phenomena is by no means a pleasant reflection for the inhabitants of the State. From our latest files we make up a brief sketch of the extent and results of the recent visitation. Several curious points present themselves for scientific investigation.

#### THE SHOCK IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In San Francisco, two shocks were specially noticed—the first at about 5 o'clock, and the second and principal one at 8¼ A.M. Clocks were stopped, crockery ware thrown down and broken, and one instance is given of a frame house which, shaken from its foundation, was moved several feet to the southward. No person was injured, and no brick buildings in the city were cracked. The shock appeared to commence on a range with Clay Street, and, singularly enough, none of the vessels in the bay, north of the line of that street, shook in the least; while on vessels south of that line, the shock was quite severe. In Sacramento, without any premonitory rumbling noises, a violent movement of the earth was experienced at the same moment of time—fifteen minutes past eight. Its direction seemed to be from north to south. As a general thing, persons in large, solid brick buildings did not feel the quaking as much as those in slightly-built wooden tenements. At a short distance from Sacramento, the trees are described as being rocked, and the water in the river as being swayed from bank to bank by the subterranean commotion.

#### THE EARTHQUAKE AT THE SOUTH.

In the southern part of the State the earthquake was more alarming. The shocks at Santa Barbara—some six in number—occurred about 9 o'clock A.M. and are stated to be the severest ever experienced in that district. Scarcely a house in the town escaped damage. People were thrown down; and, in some places, the earth opened and water gushed out. The water in all the wells rose from ten to twenty feet. No lives were lost, but the inhabitants were compelled to rush from their houses for safety. At Los Angeles the principal shock occurred at half-past eight o'clock A.M. The motion here seemed to be east and west. The oscillation of the earth resembled the long swell of the sea—swaying backward and forward, so that it was with great difficulty one could stand up, and the water in the river was turned back and overflowed its banks. The vibrations lasted some moments; the motions were long and lateral, instead of sudden, violent, and vertical. At Monterey the shock was felt at 7 o'clock A.M. It is described as resembling a wave, coming from the west and north, and making its line for the south and east. The movement was a horizontal and not a vertical one. At San Diego the shock (felt at 8½ o'clock) was more severe than any similar visitation within the memory of its present inhabitants, and caused great consternation. At Santa Cruz two shocks were felt—one between 5 and 6 o'clock, and the other about 8 A.M. At San José the movement felt at five minutes past eight A.M., was undulating and slow, and seemed to proceed from southwest to northeast. It produced a sickening sensation, precisely as one feels upon the rocking of a wave. The vibrations were slow and gradual, and continued for about a minute. The effect upon the artesian wells in this neighborhood was remarkable; for a moment the water ceased to flow from the pipe, and then gushed out in greater volume and with more power than usual.

#### LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY AT FORT TEJON.

At Fort Tejon and the Keon River district, the shocks were most disastrous, and had the country been thickly peopled, the consequences might have been fearful. The second shock at Fort Tejon was felt at half-past eight o'clock, and lasted from three to five minutes, resembling in sound the rumbling of a train of cars. Nearly all the buildings in the vicinity were seriously injured, and several narrow escapes are recorded. One life is known to have been lost. At a spot, distant about twenty miles from the fort, the earth was upheaved, and exhibited the appearance of a very violent shock. Roads, in some places, were rendered impassable. It is believed that the earthquake was more severely felt at Fort Tejon than at any other point in the State, and it will require much time and expense to repair the damage done.

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

By the following letter it is made apparent that the fools are not all dead:

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON AN ENGLISHMAN.

*To the Editor of the London Morning Post:*

SIR: I read, in the *Stars or Stripes, or American Impressions*, that General WASHINGTON never went to England, although he wished to do so. I think there were good grounds for him doing so, because he was born in England; he was a son of the English soil. Augustin Washington was born in Virginia, but George Washington was born in Cookham, Berkshire, nineteen miles from Windsor, from the second wife of his father, Miss Bull. The house in which he was born does not exist any longer, but the natives are aware of the fact, and assure that the books of the parish have been destroyed by Americans. The case was slightly mentioned at the time of the election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency, but the general enthusiasm to the great man stopped the rumor. Something very like lately occurred with the Chief of the Police in New York. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

*Jan. 20, 1857.* H. MATTHEWS.

#### DEATH OF AN ENGLISH JUDGE.

Baron Alderson, a Judge or Baron of the English Court of Exchequer, is dead. He had been twenty-six years on the bench, having received his appointment to the judicial bench in the latter months of the year 1830, and just previous to the resignation of the Wellington ministry, and the accession to power of the celebrated administration of Earl Grey. The deceased was the last of the old school on the judicial bench—the only surviving brother who dated his position from the times antecedent to the reform deluge.

Baron Alderson was a man of clear head and accurate perception, but followed much in the wake of the present Lord Wensleydale, and contributed not a little to render the Court of Exchequer notorious for its excessive tendency toward technicalities. He was also something of a wit, and was even chargeable with coarseness and vulgarity unbecoming a judge of the superior courts. The judgment in the case of Paul, Strachan, & Co., is probably still fresh in the public mind. It was much copied, and favorably commented upon by the press on this side of the Atlantic. The judge who delivered the sentence was the late Baron Alderson.

#### A ROD IN PICKLE FOR SIR ROBERT PEEL.

There is no end to the *fracas* caused by Sir Robert's lecture on Russia. The other day, the English, at Brussels, were refused admission to the *bal noble*, for fear some of them should turn round and abuse the ball-givers afterward. After this the English residents called on the Prince de Ligne to express their regret at Sir Robert's indiscreet speech, and were addressed by the Prince as follows:

"Gentlemen, believe me that I am most grateful for this spontaneous act of courtesy and good-will; and I am deeply sensible of the generous kindness that has prompted you thus to repel the vulgar aggression made upon me by Sir Robert Peel. I conjure you to be persuaded that I do not suffer the displeasure I may experience at this low-bred indignity to affect for one instant the high respect and sincere regard long and cordially entertained by me for England and the English. The coarse verbiage adopted by Sir Robert Peel to revile me belongs only to a sot (*ivrogne*) and a blackguard (*gamin*), and, as such, I regard it with proper contempt; but, without seeking that personage, should chance ever place me in unpalatable contact with him, I shall not hesitate to say that his conduct toward me has been that of an underbred good-for-nothing (*mal élevé et vaurien*). And now, gentlemen, on my part, I have to express my sorrow and extreme displeasure that any countrymen of mine, and without my authority, should have used this untoward circumstance as a reason to offer you the incivility of refusing your admission to the *bal noble*. Such conduct on their part appertains to that category of social offenses which we have had occasion to deplore. I have been greatly pained at such ill-bred and unworthy conduct. Allow me, gentlemen, to say that, out of this unpleasant occurrence, I have, at any rate, derived the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance, and of being able, in returning you my hearty thanks for your considerate attention, publicly to testify my constant and ardent regard for your country, its inhabitants, and its institutions."

#### WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH THE RESOLUTE?

The *Resolute*, Arctic exploring ship, stationed at Chatham, has had nearly the whole of her internal fitting removed, and her water tanks taken out and placed in the dock-yard. The men belonging to the dock-yard are busily engaged dismantling her, and a great part of her rigging has been removed. She is lashed alongside the *Resistance*, but will be removed to the sheer hulk for the purpose of having her masts taken out.

### FRANCE.

#### THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

The Archbishop's successor is Cardinal Moriot, Archbishop of Tours. The nomination has given universal satisfaction, and does honor to the discretion and endeavors of the Emperor to fill the important post of Archbishop of Paris by a prelate worthy of the responsibility. Monsignor Moriot is a divine who does not belong to any extreme party in the Church. He is a "man of the people," and has risen to his high position from merit. His piety and Christian charity will cause him to be deeply regretted at Tours. He did not accept his present responsible charge without much personal urging on the part of the Emperor; and his final decision was dictated rather from duty than any other feeling. The nomination will not give satisfaction to the Vatican or the Jesuits, who desired to see the Archbishoprick of Paris occupied by a churchman under the influence of the ultramontane party. Some efforts were used by the Papal Nuncio at Paris to prevent this nomination; but as far as appears, the Emperor was guided in his choice not by priestly leanings or suggestions, but by a desire to fill the vacant office by one who had the welfare of society at heart more than sectarian politics. The choice, therefore, could scarcely fail to be the estimable Monsignor Moriot of Tours. The Archbishop is in his 63d year, and was named Archbishop of Tours in 1853.

#### THE PERSIAN EMBASSADOR AT PARIS.

All Paris is crazy about Ferouk Khan, the new Persian embassador, who has just been received by the Emperor. He made the usual complimentary speech, with reference to the Imperial infant, and Napoleon replied:

"MONSIEUR L'AMBASSADEUR: I am happy that your sovereign had charged you to bring me his congratulations. When the war broke out in the East I sought with pleasure to renew our former relations with Persia, and her neutrality was not useless to us. I now congratulate myself upon the treaty of commerce concluded between our two countries, as commercial relations firmly established always cement the friendship of nations. It is with regret I heard of the war which has broken out between you and one of my most intimate allies, but I make most ardent wishes that your mission to this portion of the globe may hasten the return of a lasting peace. I thank you for the flattering things you have said to me for France and for the Prince Imperial, and I beg of you to believe in my full sentiments of benevolence toward you."

Ferouk Khan, after having presented to their majesties the persons attached to his suite, handed to the Emperor, in the name, and on the part of his sovereign, the Royal Order of Persia and presents for the Empress and the Imperial Prince.

#### WHAT HE BROUGHT FOR THE LADIES.

He proceeded in great state to the Tuileries, bedizened with jewels and precious stones, and his magnificent shawl cloak was clasped together by a diamond *agraffe* of great value. The envoy is described to be in "the prime and lust of manhood," numbering those forty-two years, described by the cynical Belzac as *l'age de l'aplomb et de scélératesse*. Ferouk Khan has not only a superb black beard (a thing much respected in Persia), but he is said to be a person of graceful figure, with large lustrous black eyes, to be a man of learning, and to have a cargo of shawls, pearls, perfumes, and ottar of roses to distribute among the male and female courtiers of *la belle* France. Among French ladies these exquisite cashmeres will have a priceless value. It was on the return of General Bonaparte from Egypt, when some of the officers of his staff brought a few cashmeres over with them, that the taste for the *Chales de Cachmire* became prevalent in France; and though Terneaux, half a century ago, sent an agent into the country of the Kerghisses, to learn the process of making these shawls, at a cost of 30,000 francs, and the French Government subsequently supported the cost of rearing a flock of Thibet goats at Perpignan, and another at Alfort, yet to this day the French have failed to equal the Persian or Indian shawl in fineness of texture, in brilliancy of color, in softness and durability. Hence the cashmeres brought by Ferouk in 1857 will be as much coveted and sought for as the cashmeres of 1801, 1803, and 1806.

#### CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE EMPRESS.

A letter-writer from Paris says that the last *fête* at the Tuileries was marked by (if possible) a greater extravagance than ever in the cost and circumference of the dresses. The Empress's costume no crinoline could possibly have supported, so enormous was the extent, and so solid the substructure. The dress was a petticoat of white tulle, with three skirts *bouillonné*; a tunic of sky-blue velvet, trimmed with tulle puffings and large gold beads, and a head-dress of blue foliage, surmounted by a diamond tiara—all of which, of course, became her Majesty.

### RUSSIA.

#### A RUSSIAN PATRIARCH.

The Prince Woronzoff, who died a few weeks since, was the richest man in Russia. Of his property in castles, town houses, estates, money, and jewels, no accurate idea can be formed; but some estimate of his wealth may be obtained from the fact that he had 60,000 adult male slaves or serfs. Our planters, who, with 1000 head of negroes, consider themselves an aristocracy, would be very small beer beside this Russian.

#### SEBASTOPOL PICKING UP.

Sebastopol, we hear, is looking up again. Three hundred houses which the siege had ruined have been rebuilt, and eighty new ones constructed. The population is now estimated at 7000. The priest of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, whose name is Lebedintsef, has received a complimentary letter from the Grand Duchess Helen, for his conduct during the siege.

#### PAUPERS SOLD AT AUCTION IN SWEDEN.

At Gothembourg, in Sweden, the paupers of the parish are every year farmed out to speculators, who bid for them at auction. The purchaser is bound to feed and clothe them; he has a right to their labor. It need hardly be said that the parish pays him so much for taking charge of them.

### ITALY.

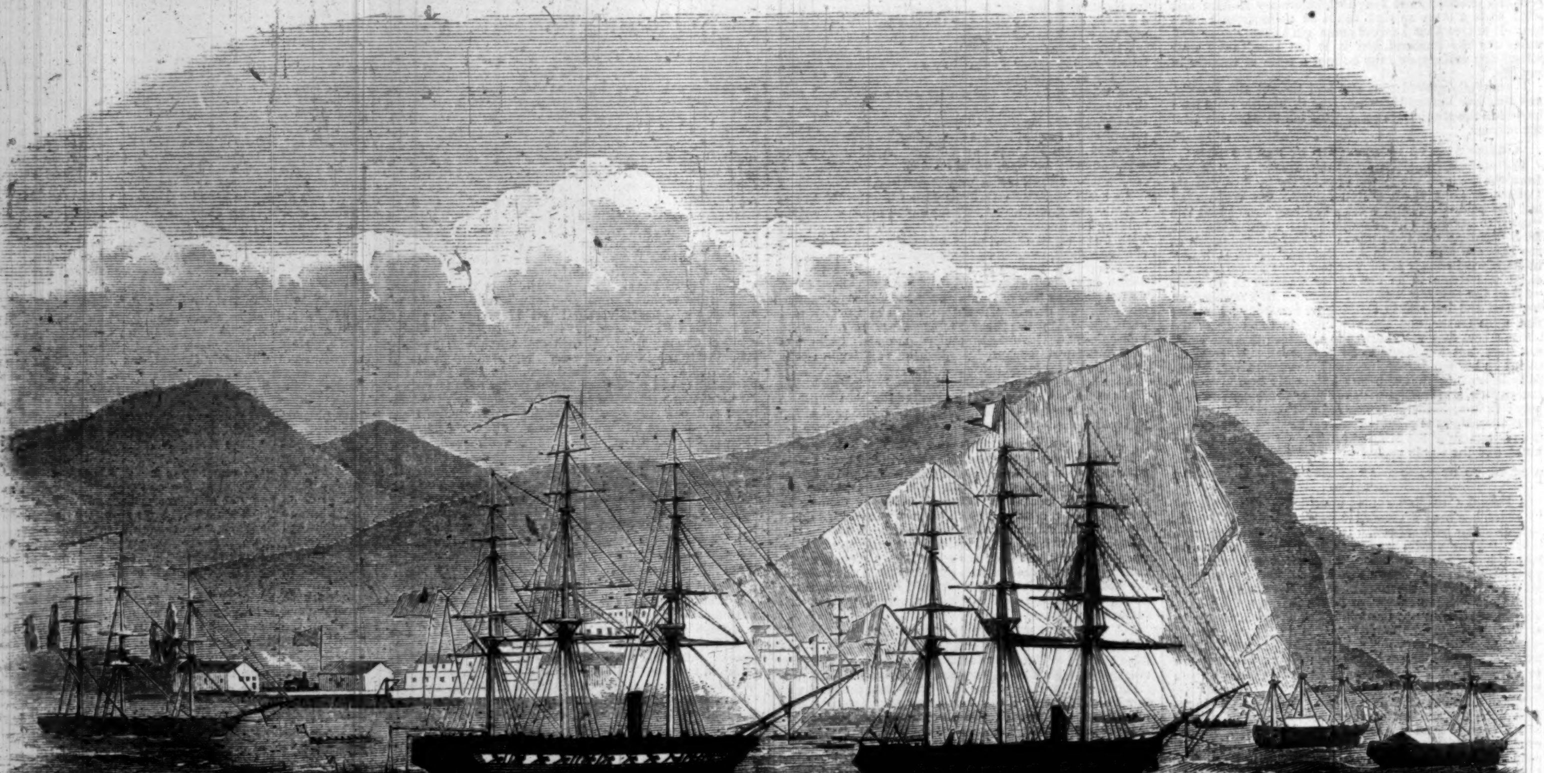
#### THE EMPEROR TRIES HARD TO MAKE HIMSELF POPULAR.

Telegraphic dispatches from Turin and Naples state that on Sunday (25th) the Emperor of Austria signed, at Milan, a decree granting a full pardon to all persons in the Lombardo-Venetian territory condemned for high treason, rebellion, or insurrection; that the prosecutions which were pending for such crimes are ordered to be suspended, and the Special Court at Mantua to be dissolved. The city was illuminated on Sunday evening, in honor of this amnesty. A dispatch from Marseilles, of Friday's date, says that a decree has been published at Milan, by which the Emperor of Austria has annulled taxes, the collection of which was in arrear, in Lombardy, to the amount of two millions of francs.

#### A VISIT TO MISS HOSMER.

A traveler in Italy gives the following sketch of an interview with this gifted artist.

We found that Mr. Gibson was out, but asked permission to see his works, which request (as in all studios here) was politely granted. In passing through a court a figure in marble caught my eye through an open door, and we all marched in. It was a full-length recumbent figure—"Beatrice di Cenci asleep in prison." It is a lovely thing. As we stood dreaming over it, a young lady (almost thirty, I should say) crossed the court, and came toward us. She wore a light-brown dress, rather short, with a sort of man's jockey coat (much like R.'s—"nothing shorter"—paletot), with two pockets in front, into which her two hands were thrust, and from them a sculptor's chisel and brush obtruded. Her hair curling and short on her neck, with a round high cap on her head of black velvet, and a tassel drooping over the side. She had a merry eye, a rosy cheek, and a round, full face, but a most decided mouth, really rigid. She returned our bows with a very sudden nod, and asked us if we had seen Gibson's painted Venus. I told her in return that I thought this far more beautiful. "I think it is," said I; "the subject is so fresh. It seems to me that Mr. Gibson is fortunate in the selection." "It isn't Mr. Gibson's; I did it," curtly replied the lady, thrusting her hands deeper into her pockets, and cocking her head on one side. "Indeed!" said we, in some surprise. "Yes, I did it last winter. I wonder no one has taken this subject before." But I can not convey her manner of speaking, or rather her tone. It was quick, decided, and short as possible, much like a railroad train over a short bridge. We said a few commonplaces, and took our leave; but I am going again, if we have time, to see the Beatrice, but quite as much to see its author, and talk with her again.



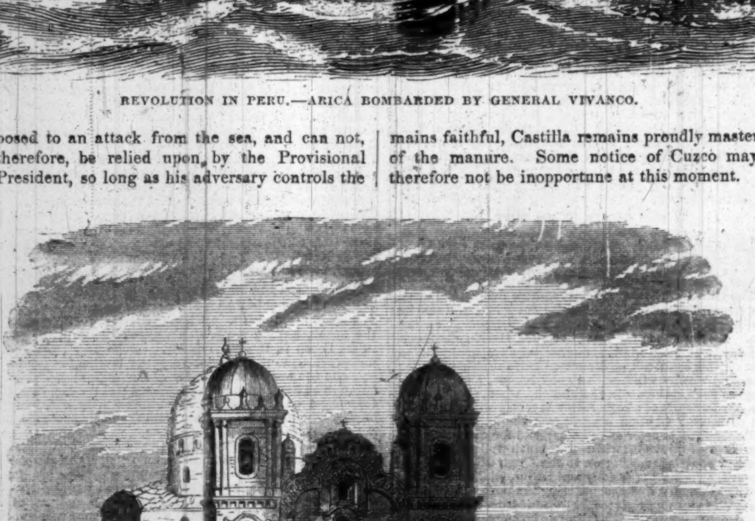
REVOLUTION IN PERU.—ARICA BOMBARDED BY GENERAL VIVANCO.

## THE OLDEST CITY IN AMERICA.

It is a very nice question whether Castilla will remain or Vivanco become Provisional President of Peru. At our last advices the republic was about divided between them, Lima, Cuzco, and Tacna being faithful to the government of General Castilla, Arica having fallen, and most of the other provinces having joined the insurgents. Former revolutions in Peru have been usually settled by the frigate *Apurimac*, or some other national vessel; for the Peruvians object very much to be shot, and the sight of big guns generally convinces them. Should the rule still hold good, Vivanco's triumph may be expected. But persons well qualified to judge do not think that Castilla's overthrow must be assumed without unequivocal evidence of the fact.

Strange how men's ideas change! Troy was sacked for a lady; Tarentum was taken and Pyrrhus ruined for a handful of mud thrown on a Roman toga; a glass of water upset one of the most powerful ministries England has ever had; and now Peru is convulsed about some heaps of manure. Nothing more. All the fight is to decide who shall pocket the enormous revenue derived from the guano on the Chincha and Lobos islands. At the present rate of consumption, the guano pays Peru from three to four millions annually, which are fairly shared among the government officials: the question is, shall Castilla and his friends keep this, or shall Vivanco and his friends be the lucky men?

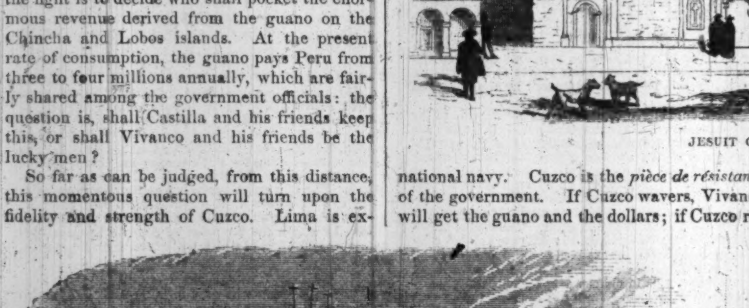
So far as can be judged, from this distance, this momentous question will turn upon the fidelity and strength of Cuzco. Lima is exposed to an attack from the sea, and can not, therefore, be relied upon, by the Provisional President, so long as his adversary controls the national navy. Cuzco is the *pièce de résistance* of the government. If Cuzco wavers, Vivanco will get the guano and the dollars; if Cuzco remains faithful, Castilla remains proudly master of the manure. Some notice of Cuzco may therefore not be inopportune at this moment.



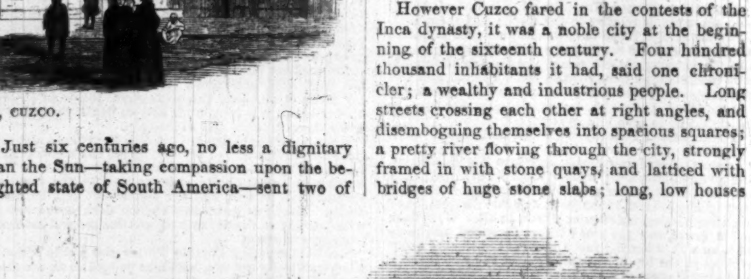
JESUIT CHURCH, CUZCO.

Just six centuries ago, no less a dignitary than the Sun—taking compassion upon the benighted state of South America—sent two of his children, Manco Capac and Manca Oello Huaco, to teach the natives the arts of civilized life, and rule over them, in person and by their descendants, from that time for evermore. The pair, who were brother and sister as well as husband and wife, were to build themselves a royal city on a spot which their celestial father promised to indicate. They journeyed for many a mile along the slopes of the Cordilleras, from Lake Titicaca northward, till, on reaching a beautiful valley midway between the Apurimac and the Villa Maya, a golden wedge which they bore slipped from their grasp, and sank deeply into the earth. Thus they knew that this was the place which their Heavenly Father had appointed them to choose. They laid the foundations of their city accordingly, and from its position in the wide plain they called it Cuzco, the Navel. Gathering round them the people of the country, they taught them industry and art, and spreading their dominion over a goodly tract around Cuzco, founded the kingdom of the Incas of Peru. Such is the legend—accepted implicitly by the ancient native writers, and not discredited, as to date, by the historian of the conquest of Peru—respecting the foundation of the oldest city in America.

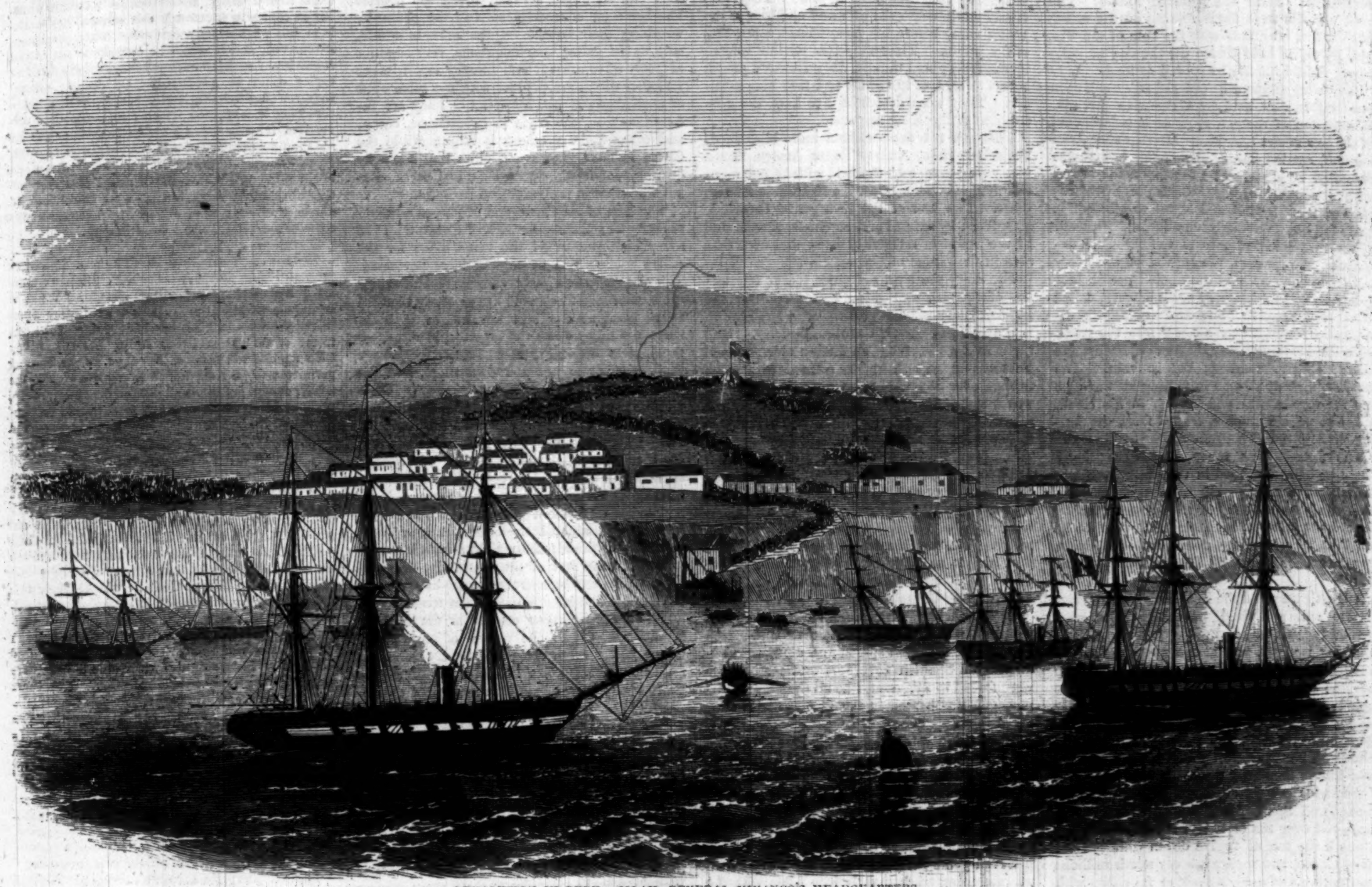
However Cuzco fared in the contests of the Inca dynasty, it was a noble city at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Four hundred thousand inhabitants it had, said one chronicler; a wealthy and industrious people. Long streets crossing each other at right angles, and disemboguing themselves into spacious squares; a pretty river flowing through the city, strongly framed in with stone quays, and latticed with bridges of huge stone slabs; long, low houses



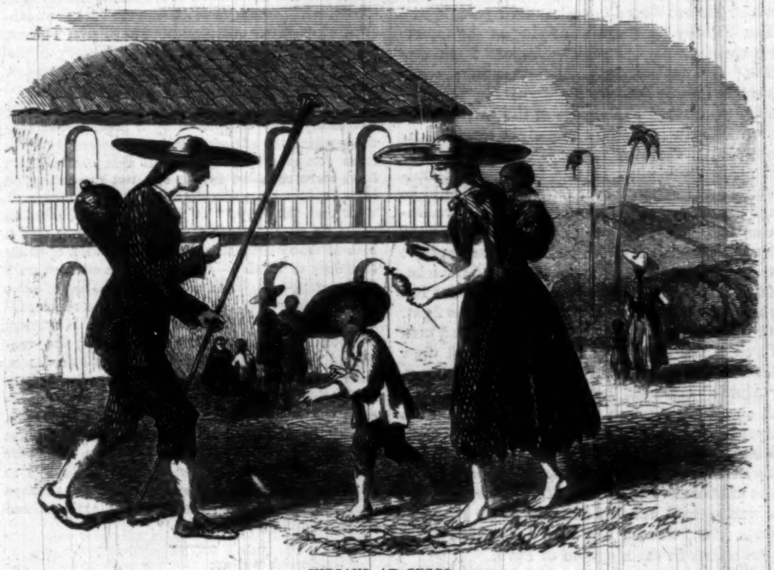
PALACE OF MANCO CAPAC, CUZCO.



CHURCH AT CUZCO.



REVOLUTION IN PERU.—ISLAY, GENERAL VIVANCO'S HEADQUARTERS.



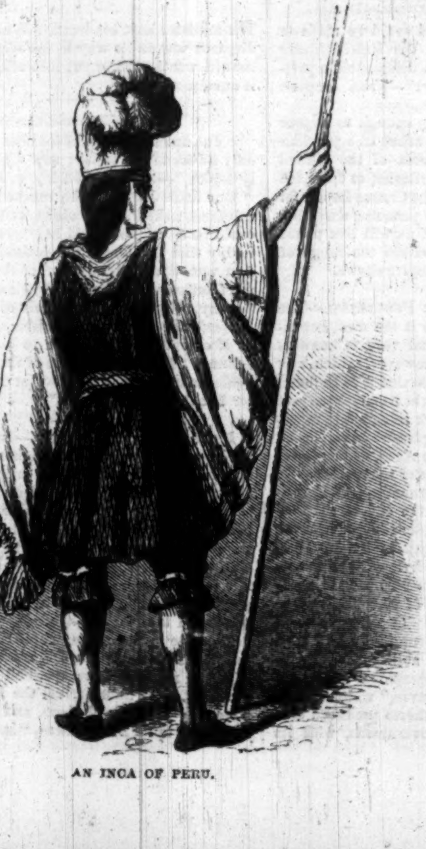
INDIANS AT CUZCO.

of stone, with painted or marble fronts and thatched roofs; two main thoroughfares, crossing each other at right angles near the centre of the city, and extending in unbroken lines to the national frontiers: such was Cuzco when the first Europeans saw it. But in all the city, with its thirteen palaces, there was nothing so wonderful as the Temple of the Sun. That massive edifice literally shone with gold. A solid gold cornice, clamped in the stone, encircled the whole structure. Seven hundred gold plates, wrenched from the walls by the first Europeans, were hardly missed. One side of the interior, facing the door, was covered by a golden Sun, studded with turquoises and emeralds: on the floor vases of gold, intermingled with the golden chairs of state, on which sat twelve mummies of deceased Incas, left but little room for the devout to pray. Adjoining the temple stood the Convent of the Virgins of the Sun, and the dormitories of the priests, which, like the broad parterres surrounding them, sparkled with gold. The precious metal, said the Incas, was "tears shed by the Sun:" they had displayed no lack of piety in burying the temple of their deity under such lachrymal offerings.

If such stories remind us of the magnificence of Oriental potentates, the Castle of Cuzco, anchored on a rugged eminence and scowling down upon the city, will recall the Pyramids to mind. Its site was, of itself, almost a sufficient defense; but the Incas girt it around with three walls, from twelve to eighteen feet high, and with terraces eight to ten feet broad. These walls were constructed of enormous blocks of stone. Some have been measured; they are 38 feet long, 18 broad, and 6 feet thick. How they were carried to the wall, and shaped and adjusted to their place, is a tempting theme for speculation. So nicely were they laid one upon another that, though no cement was used, a penknife could nowhere be inserted between them, and in places the division line between the Cyclopean masses could not be detected. It had taken, said the Incas, twenty thousand men fifty years to build this fortress and these walls.

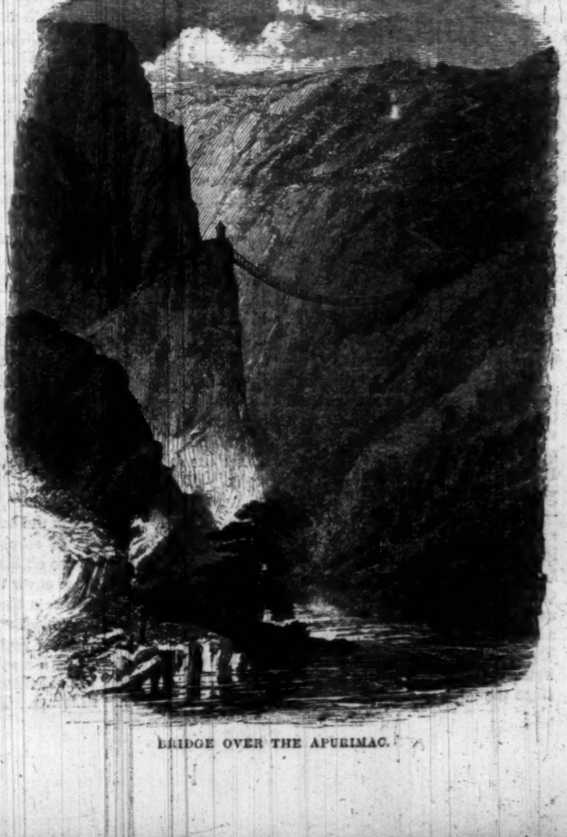
Such was the "Holy City" when, in the month of April, 1532, the emissaries of Pizarro entered it in quest of a ransom for the captive Inca, Atahualpa. They were a week there, they said, yet did not see the whole city, so vast was its extent. They did see, however, the interior of the Convent of the Peruvian Vestals—the Virgins of the Sun; narrowly escaping a merited death for their temerity. And they also saw, and carried away with them, gold enough to load one thousand brawny Indians.

Pizarro himself entered Cuzco twenty months later. What his envoys had spared he took: stripping palaces, houses of the nobles, temples, royal mummeries, sacred caverns, and graves; and not stickling at applying the boot or the screw to a Peruvian who required that stimulus to surrender his treasure. Fifty thousand dollars will perhaps represent the share of each private Spanish soldier in the gold that was divided; and this is independent of silver, stuffs, and jewels.



AN INCA OF PERU.

Coin, says Mr. Prescott, would have served them in better stead. In February, 1536, valley, plain, and hill-top around Cuzco swarmed with Peruvian warriors, "like the stars of heaven in a cloudless summer night:" young Manco Capac was besieging the Pizarros in Cuzco. Of the Spaniards there were two hundred all told; too few, it seems, to garrison both city and fortress, and therefore gathered in the former. The siege began. Ignorant of the principles of warfare, the Peruvians made no effort to storm the city, but threw fire-balls and burning arrows into it till the thatched roofs took fire and the whole was in a blaze. The Spaniards were slowly grilled in the great square. They lay on their faces upon the pavement to avoid the smoke, and waited for death. It did not come. The houses were low; they burnt out quickly; the Spaniards rose up and found themselves the masters of several square miles of smoking embers. It had gone hard with them but for the blessed Virgin, who was distinctly seen by the more pious of the robbers hovering over the spot where her temple was to be built. The siege went on. Pizarro made sallies at the head of his boldest troopers, and slaughtered Peruvians to his heart's content; but each time some of his best men fell to arrow or mace, and not a few were lassoed. A costly



BRIDGE OVER THE APURIMAC.

recreation. Food was growing scarce. The rank and file were for retreating on the coast; but Pizarro said that, with the help of the Virgin, he would hold Cuzco till the day of judgment, should his life be spared so long.

To divert the men he ordered an assault upon the fortress, now held by a Peruvian garrison. It consisted of three towers, each independent of the two others. A smart attack, under Juan Pizarro, carried one of them; the second was defended by a stalwart Peruvian noble armed with a copper mace. When the Spaniards planted their ladders and began to climb, this mace fell like a thunderbolt on the leader's head. Wherever ladders rose the mace fell. Cool, deliberate, and massive, the Inca chief was every where at once: he held the whole Spanish host at bay. Pizarro, delighted at his bravery, called to his men to spare him; and by skillfully dividing his force, threw a party into the work. Once inside triumph was certain. "Secure the chief!" Pizarro shouted; but in vain. The Inca, seeing that all was lost, flung his war club into the throng, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, like an old Roman, leaped from the battlement into the abyss beneath.

The fortress was taken, but what then? There was no more food in the place, no fewer Peruvians without. Help, thought Pizarro, must surely come from our friends on the coast. Next day eight heads, besmeared with blood and with clipped noses, rolled into the place; they had been worn by the "friends on the coast."

August came, and the Spaniards must starve. Pizarro will not yield, of course; but even Spaniards must eat, and not a dog is left. The fatal day is fixed, when, one morning, as the famished troops gaze down from the turret top into the valley, they see the besiegers strike their tents, gather up their property, and slowly wind away by mountain and river. A great shout boils up from the tower. The siege is raised. The Peruvians must eat too, and the Inca knows how hard a matter that will prove if the fields are left unsown. That week the beleaguered Spaniards (for a handful of Peruvians, not over ten or twelve thousand, are left to watch the ten or twelve dozen whites) steal out of Cuzco, and secure a booty worth millions upon millions of gold, a flock of fat sheep with round shoulders and comely hind-legs. Pizarro is himself again.

This was in September. The following March, Marshal Almagro, with wallet full of commissions and patents from the King of Spain, all by the grace of His Holiness the Pope, comes marching up to Cuzco, whereof he demands the prompt surrender, treating Pizarro as a usurper, or, at best, a *locum tenens*. Hernando Pizarro, a practical man, drew no nice distinction between Spaniard and Peruvian when he was molested: he bade Almagro begone. Unfortunately it rained profusely about that time. Almagro's men bore a moderate drenching; but when the floods came and washed away their bedding, they vowed they would have dry quarters, and marched into Cuzco by night, seized the strongest houses, and caught Pizarro.

A Spaniard, wise in that generation, would have garroted his vengeful foe. *El muerto no mordia*, repeated Almagro's faithful lieutenant. Almagro spared Pizarro. A few months afterward his captive escaped, fought, beat, and seized him in his turn. Pizarro was above sentiment. One quiet night some arquebusiers were drawn up in the square of Cuzco, and the guards were doubled; Almagro, sick and a good deal broken, received the sacrament in a galloping hurry, and was strangled before bedtime.

In the square where the arquebusiers had stood to their arms that night, the son of Almagro was begging, a few years afterward, that his bones might be laid beside his father's. He too, chieftain of Chili, had taken Cuzco, and held it a while; he too, beaten in the field, caught, and imprisoned, was condemned to death, and garroted. It was unlucky to take Cuzco.

A few years more, and Cuzco fell into the hands of Gonzalo Pizarro, then at open war with Centeno. Like the others, he fought a battle and lost it; in due time he stood on the old spot; and reminding the soldiers that many of them had grown rich by his bounty, while of all his riches he had nothing left, not even the clothes he wore, he begged them in charity to purchase masses for his soul. His head was cut off with a single blow, leaving the body standing for several seconds.

A steady course of brutality and folly on the part of the Spanish governors took two centuries to rouse the Incas to the necessity for revolt. But it succeeded at last. In 1780, the question being narrowed down to whether the Indians would fight or die, they fought. A youth—who called himself Inca Tupac Amaru—vowed to restore the empire of the Incas, raised an army, and laid siege to Cuzco. "My only intention," said he to the bishop "most reverend father, is to put an end to the bad government of the robbers who plunder our hives." But, as of old, the robbers were resistless. All the available troops were concentrated on Cuzco, Tupac was defeated, and dragged to the great square. The Spaniards had learned something since the days of Pizarro. Then they had been butchers; they were devils now. They first slowly put to death the wife and children of the young Inca, before his face, within a few feet of his person. Then they tore out his tongue by the roots; and, finally, they fastened young horses to each of his limbs and tore him asunder. They were determined to have the government of the King respected.

This was not done without more bloodshed. Tupac's nephew, Andres Tupac Amaru, also a very young man, took the field with 14,000 men, and held his own against the Spaniards for two years. The last of the insurgents, betrayed, abandoned by several of their chiefs, surrounded by the Spanish, refused quarter, and died to a man in the ravine of Kucumarini.

For thirty years all was quiet. The enormities of Spanish oppression were modified; the Indians awaited the growth of a generation which had not known Castilian ferocity. One night in August, 1814, an Indian chief, named Pumacagna, was sitting in council with some friends over the wrongs of his race; a knock was heard at his door, an Indian entered, and required Pumacagna to blindfold himself and follow him. The chief dauntlessly obeyed. After a walk of some hours, apparently in the bed of a river, his guide stopped and removed the bandage. Pumacagna found himself in a cavern dimly lighted by torches; on every side were piles of golden figures, ingots, bars, and plates. He was bidden to load himself with the precious metal, then led back to his home, where he arrived dripping with wet and staggering under his golden freight.

Thus provided with the sinews of war, Pumacagna called the Indians to arms and seized Cuzco: the rebellion spread; all along the Cordillera the Spanish governors and magistrates were forced to fly. But, like all the others, Pumacagna was beaten in the first battle fought, and hanged on the field.

This, be it well remembered, is modern, not ancient history. Tupac Amaru was torn in pieces by wild horses in the year of André's execution. Mr. Madison was President when the Spanish governor hanged the brave Pumacagna on the field of battle. It was not modern notions the Spaniards lacked.

Seven years more, and General San Martin was marching triumphantly into Lima with the famous words—"I come to break the chains which Pizarro forged three hundred years ago!" The Viceroy La Serra was flying at the top of his speed to the old place—Cuzco. Peru was free. At least the littoral provinces; the mountain district was held for three years by the royalists against the best armies of the patriots, and even Bolivar, imported expressly to finish them, abandoned the task in despair. Cuzco, said the Spaniards, had regained its old pre-eminence; it was the "ever faithful," it should be the capital again. Alas for Cuzco! One December morning, Viceroy La Serra, emboldened by three years of partial success, gave battle to General Sucre the patriot leader near Ayacucho. Of the Spaniards there were eleven, of the Peruvians about seven thousand men in the fight. In the afternoon a Peruvian sergeant ran a man through the nose with his bayonet, and drew back for a second and more effective thrust. "Hold!" cried the man, "I am the viceroy!" A cheer ran through the patriot line; and the Spaniards surrendered. At that very moment King Ferdinand was signing a brevet creating La Serra, of Cuzco, Conde de los Andes; while the ennobled viceroy, in a fierce thunder-storm which seemed horribly ominous to his superstitious mind, was signing away his master's last possessions in the kingdom of Peru.

Peru was free. In the ever-faithful city of Cuzco, the Dictator Bolivar was entertained at a grand ball; there was not a town or a village in all Peru which rejoiced more heartily over the overthrow of the bloody-minded Spaniards than the Queen City of the Cordilleras. This is more than thirty years ago—a long time for a course of study; but long as it is, it has been too short to teach the Peruvians that cardinal lesson of life, the duty of obeying the law. Six times during these thirty years has the old city of Cuzco been seized and evacuated again by pretenders to the supreme power. Gamarra, the greatest of her children, made her his infirmary. But over these slips of theirs let us pass charitably; there is progress even among the Peruvians. Cuzco now holds the key of empire.

As brightly as ever she glistens in the fair valley, with a border of barley-fields and lucerne, and here and there a garden crimson with fuchsias, salvias, and roses. She has shrunk, of course; the last traveler roughly sets down her length at a mile and a half by a mile in width; in which limits some 26,000 people are lodged. There are the old straight streets still, cutting each other at right angles; there are the ruins of the Incas' palace, mighty and forlorn; the lower stories of the houses are still built of the old huge blocks of stone, and many a carved door remembers the children of the sun. But Christian churches cover the sites of the old temples; at every corner a church tower meets the eye; and over the blocks that were hewn under the Capacs, modern ingenuity has raised a lighter framework with a substantial roof of red tiles in place of the old thatch. The people are simple, but not illiterate. There are colleges for young men and for girls; all read—even the poorest has his copy of Garcilasso, and the peasants, watching their llamas on the mountain-side, sing to the guitar Quichua songs, very superior in point of sentiment and literary merit to the melodies which are popular with the same class of individuals in our meridian. They are industrious too; the trade in caoutchouc, cocoa, and other forest products is large; while the Cuzco mechanics weave a cloth that holds its own against Manchester goods, and carve cabinet ware that is not surpassed in Paris.

The Sun of the old legend displayed a higher sagacity in selecting the site of Cuzco than the sow which performed the same office for the Alban settlers can be said to have possessed. The city stands on one of those rare and choice spots where heat and cold are so finely blended as to combine the best advantages of both. Only 800 miles from the equator, it will grow the hottest tropical fruits; 11,380 feet above the sea, frost is not unknown there, and the plaza has been seen whitened by snow. On a mountain not many miles from Cuzco, climatologists may see the world in miniature. At the summit, eternal snows forbid the traveler to ascend the heights; below, flocks of alpacas, sheltered in their warm wool, graze on the confines of winter and spring. Below these, large patches of wheat and potatoes mark the temperate zone; and a little lower, peach orchards and fields of prickly pears yield a handsome return. At the foot of the mountain, oranges, citrons, pine-apples, and even sugar-cane remind the spectator that he is within the tropics.

When the due time comes for the opening of the Amazon to the vessels of all nations, Cuzco will resume the place nature intended for her, at the head of inland navigation—the Cairo of the South American mother of waters.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

LITERARY HABITS.—Among other strange habits, many well-known authors have been addicted to writing upon scraps and fragments of paper, to the great embarrassment of editors and printers. We may refer as examples to the "paper-sparing Pope," whose translation of the Iliad (preserved in the British Museum) is written on the backs and other blank portions of letters, and to Sharon Turner, whose third volume of the Sacred History of the World was written on fragments of letters and notes, and on covers of periodicals. Thompson's Natural History of Ireland, a work of great scientific value, has lately been completed by a posthumous volume, which the editors say was compiled by them from scraps of paper so small that six or eight lines were crowded into a slip not exceeding an inch in breadth. Explaining the difficulties of their task they say, "To work with good effect on notes in such a state was impossible, nor was it safe to make the attempt, for the sudden opening of a door or window—if a table were covered with such scraps—might have involved the loss of some precious fragment that could never be replaced." Even this has been exceeded. The Historical Dictionary of Prosper Marchand (1758) was consigned to a friend to publish after his own death, with the assurance that the MS. was ready. Ready it certainly was, but in such a state that frightened the friendly editor, being all written upon little pieces of paper of different sizes, some not bigger than one's thumb-nail, and in a character so exceedingly small, that it was not legible to the naked eye. The editor therefore said, perhaps truly, "that this was the first book ever printed by the help of a microscope!"

"Goldsmith writes:

> A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
> When every *rood* of ground maintained its man.

By this rule each acre of land could be made to sustain four persons. When the United States come to that, Uncle Sam's farm will sustain a pretty large family. How many?"—*From Harper's Weekly.*

A correspondent is obliging enough to answer the above question, which was asked in a previous number. Taking the total area of the United States, with the adjoining Territories, at 2,093,166 square miles, as laid down in the Census Report for 1850, the answer is 334,906,560 persons; a number which he fears scarcely any of us will live to see accomplished, but one quite within the range of possibility, as the Celestial Empire shows.

THE DEAREST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED.—The question is often asked, which is the most expensive book ever published? and various answers are given to it. The work, however, which *most unquestionably* merits this distinction is to be found not in England, where one might naturally expect it, but in France. It is a work intended to reproduce, in fac-simile, the most splendid examples of the graphic skill of the Middle Ages, as displayed in the Illuminated Manuscripts of that period. It is entitled, "Paintings and Ornaments of French Manuscripts, from the 8th to the end of the 16th Century." It was got up under the direction of a wealthy amateur, Comte Auguste Bastard, and was published in parts at 1800 francs each. Twenty of them have appeared, from 1835 to 1846, making a total subscription price of 36,000 francs, or over $7000 for a single copy! One hundred and sixty large folio plates are contained in it, each finished by artists of known ability, forming, in the words of the great bibliographical authority, Brunet, "a veritable chef-d'œuvre," which throws into the shade every thing hitherto produced of a like nature. The French government, with its usual liberal policy, subscribed for a certain number of copies to encourage this colossal undertaking; but we are not aware what other patronage it received, and it would be curious to get at the statistics of such an enterprise—certainly but few copies could be produced. Of course, among changes of ownership and property, such a price could not be sustained; and we see a copy now advertised for sale by a London bookseller (as he says) at a reduction of £1175 from the publishing price, or £225 ($1125), still a respectable sum, to our notions. We have never heard of a copy of this work in America, but have no doubt that, if not here already, it soon will be an ornament for some of our public or private libraries.

BOSTON BEFORE AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION.—"Long previous to the Revolution in America I had repeatedly visited Boston. What a strange contrast after an absence of more than thirty years! In 1762, '64, and '65, it was the extreme of fanatic religious folly. As a sample: from sunrise to sunset on Sundays no person was permitted to go from house to house or walk the street, except going to and from a place of worship, without being liable to a fine or exposure to public shame in the stocks. When the young and old people walked out on Long Wharf to enjoy the cool air on summer evenings, so prim and demure were the young women, that it was jocularly said, before they walked out they were obliged to stand before a looking-glass to fold their arms properly and put their mouths in serious plaits, from out of which they were not to be disturbed until their return; and truly (eyes excepted) they moved more like automatons than animated beings. In 1794, I found a Roman Catholic chapel freely tolerated, and was entertained in a handsome crowded theatre; two circumstances which if I had ventured to predict when I first knew the place, I should have run some risk of being tarred and feathered. Not a single Jew was able to live there some time previous to the Revolution. Now there is an abundance, with every species of accommodation, bad as well as good, equal to any that can be found in the sea-ports and cities of Europe. In the market the difference was this: pigeons, that were formerly sold at twopence-halfpenny a dozen, and often given away at the close of the market, sold in 1794 from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings a dozen. Beef and mutton, that I have known sold at three halfpence and twopence, were sold from sevenpence to tenpence a pound; with every other article of provision in proportion."—LIEUTENANT HARRIOTT'S *Struggles Through Life.*

POETRY AND POLITICS.—It is very seldom that the Muses have conquered their natural antagonism to business, and become serviceable in the political world; but George Canning was able to bend them to this purpose, as the following incident (related on unquestionable authority) shows. In 1826, when he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, negotiations occurred, under the Reciprocity Act, with Holland. Mr. Falck, the Dutch minister, having made a one-sided proposition for the admission of English ships, by which a considerable advantage would have accrued to Holland, a long and tedious negotiation ensued. It was dragged on month after month without arriving one step nearer to a consummation, the Dutch still holding out for their own interests. At last Mr. Canning's patience was exhausted. Sir Charles Bagot, the English minister at the Hague, was one day attending court, when a dispatch, in cipher, was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent, but, unfortunately, Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed, until he obtained the key, when, to his infinite astonishment, he deciphered the following dispatch:

> In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much.
> With equal advantage the French are content,
> So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.,
> Twenty per cent.!
> Twenty per cent.!
> Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.
> GEORGE CANNING.

The minister kept his word. While this singular dispatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued to put into effect the intention it announced.

*For Notes and Queries.*

"The intrinsic value of the cent was at one time only 1-50th of the dollar; now it has *risen* to nearly 1-86th."—*Harper's Weekly*, p. 83.

Our little Johnny, who thinks himself great in fractions, asked us last night, at the table, how it could be so. "For," said he, "our teacher told us to-day that the larger the denominator of a fraction was, the numerator being the same, the less the fraction would be. And he explained it," said Johnny, "by saying that if *six* of us had a pie to eat (*only one*) the *pie*-ces would not be near so large as if only *three* of us were to eat it. So," says Johnny, "I think the value of the cent must have *fallen* from 1-50th of a dollar (or 2 cents) to 1-86th (or 1 cent 1 7-10ths mills)." J.

EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE.—In the question of the peopling of America there has been much discussion of the possibility of long voyages being made with slight and imperfect means. One of the most extraordinary instances of the kind has been, we believe, overlooked. It is related by Purchas. The early settlers in the Bermudas were wild and lawless, and very little disposed to submit to the severe discipline enforced by the new governor, Captain Tucker, in 1616. Five of them persuaded him to give them leave to construct a boat of two or three tons, with a close deck, for the purpose of fishing. In this small boat they contrived to make their escape, and reached Ireland in safety. On their arrival the Earl of Thomond honorably entertained them, and caused the boat to be hung up for a monument, "as well shee might, as shee had sailed more than 3300 miles by a right line thorow the maine sea without any sight of lande, and I thincke, since God made the world, the like navigation was never done nor heard of."

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—A correspondent requests some information as to when this phrase first appeared on the national shield of the United States, and from whence it was derived. When that patriarch of periodicals, "The Gentlemen's Magazine," was started in 1731, it was intended to form a collection of the best essays, intelligence, etc., from the current papers and gazettes—the "Littell's Living Age," in short, of the day; and accordingly it adopted the motto "*E Plurimis Unum.*" Is this the original form of the phrase, or is there an older or classical authority for it? We depend on our readers for a reply.

## FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

BAVARIAN PROTESTANTISM seems to be agitated by the same tendencies which now disturb the Church of England, and indicate an inclination to return again toward Roman Catholicism. The Consistory of the Bavarian Protestant clergy has, with the concurrence of the Consistories of other Lutheran bodies in Germany, issued a series of decrees for restoring the old usages and discipline of the Lutheran Church. But the suspicion, which is wide-spread in Germany, that a large portion of the Lutheran clergy is on the way to Rome, has aroused the quiet population of Bavaria. An overwhelming majority of the laity wished to express its dissatisfaction, and to stop the execution of the Consistorial decrees. But how was this to be effected? A mere protest, it was feared, would avail nothing, for the opinions of the Consistory were known to be very firm. An appeal to the General Synod was considered as little more promising, for two-thirds of it are clergymen who mostly sympathize with the Consistory. To leave the State Church and form a free Protestant denomination was out of the question; for none but members of the State Churches enjoy liberty of religious worship. Thus one expedient only was left, to appeal to the Catholic king. Consequently, King Maximilian II. has been petitioned by thousands of his Protestant subjects to protect the interests of the Protestant Church from the Catholicizing tendencies of the Protestant Consistory. A singular state of affairs, undoubtedly, and fraught with dangers for the future of Protestantism in Germany.

PILGRIMAGES TO JERUSALEM.—We have occasionally alluded to the external revival of Catholicism throughout the world, and specially in regard to its medieval external relations to States and communities, and its medieval worship and practices. As a further evidence, and in a direction which would not have been thought of sixty years ago, we note the systematic effort to renew the pilgrim caravans to Jerusalem and the Holy Places. The *Univers*, of Paris, announces that a new caravan of French pilgrims will start for Jerusalem on March 19. The duration of the voyage will be, as usual, two months, and Easter and the week before will be passed by the pilgrims in Jerusalem. Catholic papers attach great importance to such pilgrimages, which they consider as a further revival of the Catholic usages of the Middle Ages, so many of which had disappeared in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem, in particular, grew entirely out of use during the eighteenth century. In 1751 the number of pilgrims amounted to 4000, but in 1784 it fell short of two thousand. An increase begins with the year 1815, partly in consequence of the great Catholic reaction in Europe. In 1818, Jerusalem was visited by 5000 pilgrims, in 1831 by 10,000, and in 1840 by 20,000. From the western countries of Europe, however, only a limited number of pilgrims came, and these singly, not in caravans. In order to restore the old custom of going to Jerusalem in large bodies, a committee was formed in Paris in 1853, presided over by several bishops, for the purpose of organizing regular caravans of pilgrims to the Holy Places of Palestine. The first French caravan departed in August, 1853, and has been followed every year by two others. In Germany, the example of France was imitated in 1855, by the Catholic Association of Vienna, which sent out the first German caravan March 9, of the same year, which has likewise been followed by several others. Thus far, however, the external appearance of these pilgrims of the nineteenth century is very different from that of their brethren of the Middle Ages. They travel no longer bareheaded and barefooted, and subjecting themselves of their own accord to penances and hardships of every kind; but comfortable steamers bring them, for 1250 francs a person, to the place of their destiny, where numerous consuls of France and Austria are instructed to make their stay as pleasant as possible. In this way the Catholic States throw around their religion a dignity and splendor in the East, unknown to Protestantism there. This is not only an advantage to Catholicism, considered in a worldly point of view, but it very much increases the political consideration and power of the patronizing Catholic States.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE.—Catholic writers, without any note-worthy exception, admit the inferiority of the Catholic literature of Europe to the Protestant. They find one of the principal reasons for this in the want of Catholic Universities. But twenty years ago, the Church could not claim, out of the States of the Church, a single one of the many European Universities as being fully under its control. Owing to the close connection between Church and State in almost every European country, which connection the Church herself has always advocated, the Universities were entirely dependent upon the State governments, which were at liberty to appoint Catholic or Anti-Catholic professors, as it best suited their own plans. In 1835 the first free Catholic University was founded at Louvain in Belgium. It is the exclusive property of the Belgium Bishops, and has unrestrained liberty to develop Catholic literature, to which, however, it has not yet contributed many works of importance. Yet it became the gathering place for the sons of ultra-montane Catholics, from all parts of Europe and America, the United States not excepted, for which, last year, an American Seminary was founded in connection with the University. It awakened, at the same time, the emulation of zealous Catholics in other European countries. The Bishops of Ireland were the first to imitate the example of Belgium by the foundation of a Catholic University in Dublin, which, however, owing to the unpopularity of the Archbishop of Dublin, is not yet sufficiently endowed and patronized to insure its permanent prosperity. Catholic Germany, after a discussion of the question during nearly ten years, is on the point of receiving permission from the Emperor of Austria to found another Free Catholic University at Salzburg. The Austrian Government had previously restored to the University of Pesth, in Hungary, its ancient charter, by which it was authorized to appoint none but Catholic professors. But it remains a State institution. In Prussia the Provincial Diet of Westphalia last year unanimously memorialized the Prussian Government (all Protestant members voting in the affirmative) to enlarge the Academy of Munster into a Catholic University. In France the question was agitated in 1848, but dropped in consequence of the great powers conceded to the Church in the whole system of public instruction.

CRIMINAL EXECUTIONS IN PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.—The wise and good in all Protestant countries, and particularly in Great Britain and the United States, have deplored the demoralizing tendency of public executions of criminals, owing to the brutal and disgusting sentiments, feelings, and practices often exhibited in the vicinity and at the time of the execution. The evil has been remedied to a great extent in the United States by confining the executions to the precincts of the prison.. But in England the evil still prevails to such an extent that a committee was raised last session in the House of Lords, presided over by the Bishop of Oxford, to inquire into the evils of public executions, and to suggest some remedy. The witnesses, among other things, stated before the Committee:

> That "all kinds of levity, jeering, laughing, hooting, whistling, while the man is coming up, while he is still suffering, while he is struggling, and his body is writhing, are going on with obscene expressions;" that "the death of the criminal is followed by sounds of low jesting and indecent ribaldry," "the hubbub and uproar being most disgusting, and that the whole town, for the day, was a scene of riot, and drunkenness, and debauchery of every kind." "The roads approaching it were, toward evening, filled with disorderly and drunken persons; the country people flocked in as to a bull-baiting or a cock-fighting, and, after the solemn scene is over, the day is invariably one of drunkenness, oaths, and disorder."

And yet, notwithstanding this state of the matter, the depraved public appetite would not allow of suppressing public executions!

Now let us see how this matter is managed in Catholic countries, and especially in Italy. We copy a paragraph from a letter from Mr. Bowyer, a member of Parliament, to the London *Times*. He says:

> In every Italian city there is a numerous religious society of laymen of all classes, called the "Confraternity of Death," or of Mercy, or (as at Rome) of San Giovanni Decollato, whose duty it is to attend criminals before and at their execution. A prisoner finally left for execution is removed to the chapel of the prison (instead of the condemned cell), and there assisted by the Chaplain and the brethren of the confraternity, who attend in turn day and night. The confraternity publishes a sort of proclamation, announcing to the citizens the dreadful event about to take place, and asking for their prayers. The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the Forty Hours' Prayer then commences in the churches, and the people attend in great numbers during the whole day, and even sometimes during the night. The prisoner is taken to the place of execution (usually outside the town) in the following manner: First, the great black cross and banner of the confraternity is seen slowly advancing, followed by the members, walking two and two in their black cassocks, and their hoods over their faces, with apertures for their eyes. As they proceed along the streets they recite the Penitential Psalms aloud. They are followed by the litter for the dead body, carried by four of their number, and then comes the convict assisted by the Clergy and brethren.
>
> At the scaffold the confraternity stand around and continue their devotions until the prisoner is dead, and then they remove the body in the same funeral procession. I need scarcely add that the place of execution is kept clear during the night, and suppers, or revelry, or open public-houses there would bring punishment on the offenders.

## NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MONSTER CASTING.—A late Glasgow paper gives a graphic account of an enormous casting—the largest, as far as known, ever made in the world—which is worthy of being placed among our "Notes." On a Tuesday morning, sixty tons (forty cart-loads) of pig-iron were put in the cupolas of Finnieston Iron-Works, and by four o'clock of the same day this enormous mass of metal was in a condition to be poured into the mould. Let our readers imagine, says the paper from which we quote, two huge cupolas, employed from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon, melting pig-iron in small portions of from four to six tons at a time, which had to be occasionally removed in monstrous crane-carried ladles to a hot-air receptacle, to be ready for running into the huge and cavernous mould. Let them imagine the great shed of Finnieston Works filled with anxious Titans, with long iron rods in hand. Let them suppose Mr. John Neilson, calm and immovable as another Colossus, standing beside a canal of two feet wide, and as many deep, through which the fluid iron must run, and all is ready for the grand work—the casting. Mr. Neilson speaks in low but decisive tones—the caldron of fluid iron is tapped, and forth pours the dazzling stream of melted iron, while at the same time a crowd of workmen, at either end of the foundry, stand beside huge ladles, containing each about six tons of melted metal, ready to fill up any crevice which may not have received a supply from the receptacle we have already named. The word is given, and on pours the stream; and no sooner has it begun to fill the mould than forth rush volumes of inflammable gas from a thick forest of iron tubes, which are studded over the surface of the earth that covers the mould. The workmen apply their white hot rods of iron to these ventages, and instantly there blazes forth a mass of light blue flame—the combustible gas which is thrown off from the mould by the immense mass of molten iron which bubbles and heaves below. This done, a crowd of men commence poking their iron rods among the mass of iron in the mould by openings left for that purpose. By this process they allow air to escape, and ascertain whether the melted iron has filled all the crevices of the mould. Let our readers imagine this mass of iron thrown into the mould, sixty tons in all, pouring in a torrent which is exhausted in one minute forty-five seconds, and they will have some idea of a work which all the iron-workers of England refused, the like of which none of the iron-masters of England ever saw, and which was accomplished at Glasgow on Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1856. The engines for which this iron was cast, are for the new Australian line of steam vessels.

SOLUTION OF QUARTZ.—Australian papers report the discovery of a process by which quartz, or silica, is chemically dissolved, and all the gold, metallic oxyds, and metals contained in it precipitated. The method is as follows: One part of quartz, in small pieces, is, together with 2½ or 3 parts of carbonate of soda, brought to a red heat and melted. Silicate of soda is now formed, deliquescent in air, and perfectly soluble in cold water, the carbonic acid of the soda being, of course, given off by the reaction. This silicate of soda is dissolved in water, in wooden vessels, and thus left for a few hours, during which time the gold and all other foreign substances contained in the quartz are precipitated. After the precipitate has been formed, the solution of silicate of soda is, by means of a siphon, decanted into another wooden vessel, in which, by the inflation of carbonic acid, the soda is separated from the silicic acid, and regained as carbonate of soda. This is done by employing the well-known centrifugal air-pump; and, in all particulars, the method of Melsens in the decomposing of saccharate of lime is followed up. By inflating carbonic acid into the solution of silicate of soda, the silicic acid is separated from the soda. This latter remains in water, the silicic acid has been precipitated in the form of a transparent, nebulous, jelly-like substance, which can not be separated from water by filtration. The solution of carbonate of soda is now decanted, and this, by means of evaporation, is again obtained as dry as carbonate of soda. As such, it can be made use of in further operations.

NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Professor Hall, of New York, suggests a new plan for a Transatlantic Telegraph, the principal feature of which is to have floating stations, located and anchored securely at proper intervals, to receive the ends of sections of the cable. The objections urged against the plan lately projected, are the length of the wire, and the supposed impossibility of laying it down without accident. It is argued that the transmission of a communication through a continuous wire of twenty-four hundred miles has yet to be performed—that the proximity of water will produce a sensible effect upon the electric current, and will, in the length of cable proposed, entirely absorb the subtle fluid—that, even admitting communication possible, a perceptible period of time elapses in the passage of the current through submerged wires, increasing with the length of the cable, and requiring some seconds of time before the wire is uncharged after each signal—and, lastly, the improbability of securing a perfect insulation, with so thin a coating of gutta percha, for so many hundred miles of wire, when the slightest particle of damp—even the prick of a pin—would destroy the whole work. The Professor imagines that there is little prospect of success, when the impossibility of laying down so long and delicate a cord without accident is taken into consideration. The new plan is to break up the wire, by establishing floating stations every five hundred miles along the route of travel between New York and Liverpool. It is proposed to build these stations in a substantial manner, with but a single story above the water, so as to meet any emergency of wind or weather, and secure them to the bottom of the ocean by wire cables, radiating in every direction, and attached to heavy anchors sunk in a circle around the station. The cable, passing from one station to another, is to be suspended about one hundred feet below the surface of the ocean by means of buoys, to which an anchor or weight would be attached, to prevent the cable from swinging. One of the chief advantages urged for this plan, is the facility afforded for finding out and repairing defects in the wires. The only obstacle to its success seems to be the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of properly securing the stations during a storm. A hundred or a thousand anchors would hardly hold out against Old Ocean in his wrath.

## AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

THE CHINESE SUGAR-CANE.—Experienced agriculturists doubt the practicability of profitably making sugar from the *Sorgho Sucre*, or Chinese Sugar-cane, in any of the Northern or even Middle States. It bids fair, however, to prove a very valuable addition to the farmer's list of crops raised for feeding cattle. Its cultivation is no more expensive or troublesome than that of Indian corn; it yields two crops, both large, the first in July, the last in October; the stalk is cured readily, being very little inclined to ferment and acidify; and it is preferred by cattle to almost all other kinds of feed, while its fattening properties are said to be excellent.

Where it is intended to use the juice, the stalks should be cut—so say those who have most extensively experimented in France—just as soon as the seed is ripe. It has yielded twenty-six bushels of seed, one thousand pounds of sugar, and fifty gallons of molasses to the acre, where its cultivation was carefully attended to, and there were proper facilities for extracting and condensing the juice. The stalks, after being crushed and pressed, are readily eaten by cattle.

Where grown for feed only, we would suggest the propriety of cutting it while the seed is yet in pulp, as it is now generally admitted that crops for which the seed is permitted to ripen fully, exhaust the ground much more than those crops which are taken off the ground before the seed matures.

We condense below all that has been so far ascertained as to the properties and peculiarities of this cane: Its seeds were sent, some six years ago, from the North of China to the Geographical Society of Paris. In 1854, 200 pounds of the seed were procured from France by the chief of the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office, and distributed in different parts of the Union for experiment. The plants grown from this seed, according to official report, matured their seeds as far north as Massachusetts, and attained a height of eight to ten feet in the neighborhood of St. Paul's, Minnesota.

The Chinese sugar-cane, when cultivated on ordinary land, in the United States, grows to a height of from eight to sixteen feet, while in Europe it does not attain much more than half of this altitude. Its stems are straight and smooth, often covered with a white bloom, or down, having leaves, somewhat flexuous, falling over, and greatly resembling in appearance those of Indian corn, but more elegant in form. When cultivated in hills, containing eight or ten stalks each, it puts forth at its top a conical panicle of dense flowers, green at first, but changing into violet shades, and finally into dark purple, at maturity. In France, and the central and northern sections of the United States, it has thus far proved an annual; but from observations made by M. Vilmorin, as well as some experiments in our Southern States, it is conjectured that, from the vigor and fullness of the lower part of the stalks in autumn, by protecting them during the winter, they would produce new plants the following spring. It stands drought far better than Indian corn, and will resist the effects of considerable frost without injury, after the panicles appear, but not in its younger and more tender state. If suffered to remain in the field after the seeds have ripened and have been removed, where the season is sufficiently warm and long, new panicles will shoot out at the topmost joints, one or more to each stalk, and mature a second crop of seeds. The average yield of seed to each panicle is at least a gill.

Since its introduction into this country, the Chinese sugar-cane has proved itself well adapted to our geographical range of Indian corn. It is of easy cultivation, being similar to that of maize or broom-corn, but will prosper in a much poorer soil. It does not succeed so well, however, when sown broadcast, with the view of producing fodder, as it will not grow to much more than one-half of its usual height. In the extreme Northern States, where the season is too short and cool for it to ripen in the open air, the cultivator will necessarily have to obtain his seed from regions further south. One quart of seed is sufficient for an acre of ground. Particular care should be observed not to cultivate this plant in the vicinity of Dourah corn, Guinea corn, nor broom-corn, as it hybridizes or mixes freely with those plants, which would render the seeds of the product unfit for sowing. Should the plants lodge or fall to the ground, by the excessive weight of the heads, during storms of wind or rain, before the seed matures, they may remain for weeks without injury. In collecting the seed, a convenient method is to cut off the stalks about a foot below the panicles, tie them up in bunches of twenty-five, and suspend them in any secure, airy place, sheltered from rain. If intended solely for fodder, the first crop should be cut just before the panicles appear, and the second as soon as the seed arrives at the milky stage. It may be tied up in bundles, shocked and cured, like the tops or stalks of Indian corn. If not intended to be employed for any other economical use, after the seed has been removed, if the weather be cool, and the average temperature of the day does not exceed 45° or 50° Fahrenheit, the stalks may be cut up close to the ground, tied in bundles, collected into shocks, or stowed in a mass in a succulent state, for fodder, in sheds or barns, where they will keep without injury, if desired, until spring. In this condition, however, the lower part of the stalks will be found to be quite hard and woody, and will require to be chopped into small pieces for feeding.

IN making butter, if there is sour milk with the cream when you commence churning, put in a handful of fine salt, which will cut the sour milk into fine particles. When the butter has been gathered, before taking it out of the churn, pour off your buttermilk, rinse thoroughly until the sour particles are all out, in cold water—ice water is best in the summer, unless the well water is very cold—then a good working two or three times, till all the buttermilk is extracted, will, with proper salting, make it fine for ready use or packing away.

AN eminent English agricultural writer estimates that every rat eats and destroys, on an average, one pint of grain, or its equivalent in other food, per week. A farmer who has been troubled with this species of vermin, calculates that, on an average, every farmer in the State of Pennsylvania (taking that State as a sample) supports ten rats on his premises. Ten rats, at a pint each per week, would consume eight bushels of grain per year; or, taking 150,000 as the number of farmers in the State, one million two hundred thousand bushels annually, to support the farm-rats of Pennsylvania; a very considerable contribution toward the maintenance of a nuisance. Let sentence of extermination be pronounced against the lawless depredators.

## BONBONS FROM PARIS.

IN Paris there is current just now a comical story concerning Count M——, a well-known nobleman. The Count, it appears, has a young relation who holds a place and a modest salary in one of the railroad offices. The Countess, young, vain, beautiful, and sentimental, conceived a passion for her husband's young relation, and fondly imagined that it was returned. Every look and act of attention on the part of A—— (as we will call the young man) was carefully noted, until she felt assured finally that his love was deep and heartfelt. One night—it was already nearly midnight—A—— was aroused by a knock at his room door. On answering the call, he found to his astonishment the Countess arrayed in traveling costume, and bearing her jewel-casket in her arms.

"Dearest Henry," said she, "I am come to reward the love you have so long entertained for me."

"Love!" said the young man, almost speechless with astonishment.

"Lay aside your embarrassment. I have long known of your feelings. My husband is a monster; I will live with him no longer. Come, let us leave this country and fly far away to foreign lands."

"Nonsense, madam," said A——, who was fast recovering his presence of mind; "it never occurred to me to love you. And as for flying to foreign lands, you forget that my salary in my present situation is all I have to live upon."

"Here are my jewels, they will suffice. Love needs but little—"

"Unfortunately, madam, I am not in love. Pray return to your house in quietness."

Now the Countess would, doubtless, have fainted, but the exigencies of the occasion would not permit of such a luxury.

"I can not return," said she, after a pause; "I have left a letter behind, telling all to the Count. He has received it ere this, and knows that I hate him and love you. If I return, you know the consequences."

"Yes, he will murder me, the foolish man; he will lose no time in putting a pistol-bullet through my brain," said A——, who found himself in a singularly unpleasant predicament.

The clock was just striking two. The Countess was weeping bitter tears of disappointment. A—— paced the floor in vexed perplexity. Just then there was a knock at the door. The young man grew pale at the thought that it was the Count, already come to claim his revenge. He concealed the Countess in a closet; opened the door—and behold the Count!

"Henry, I want you," said he, in low, excited tones.

"I am ready," answered the young man, firmly, but despairingly.

"It is well. I thought I could depend at least upon finding you."

"You see," continued he, "I went from the Opera to the Café Tortoni this evening, where I got into a quarrel with a Russian. We are to exchange shots at daybreak. I need a second—"

"And you have not yet been home?" broke in A——, breathing freer than he had done for an hour past.

"No. I shall not go home till all is over. Meet me in half an hour at the Tortoni. I will return there now."

So saying the Count walked off.

A—— returned to his room, acquainted the Countess with the fortunate turn of events, called a cabriolet, took her home, and then posted off to the rendezvous. On arriving there he found the Count M—— and his Russian antagonist engaged in the peaceful discussion of a bottle of Champagne. The quarrel had been "arranged," and the duel, of course, was not to be.

It was too good a story to keep, and young A——'s indiscretion has procured him a lucrative post in one of the Provinces.

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As an offset to the above sample of Parisian high life, here is a simple little story of a grisette's love, which has about it something of the exquisite pathos of some dainty fairy tale:

A grisette came to an artist, and promised to love him and stay with him so long as the flower she carried with her in a vase should bloom. But the little one had miscalculated the strength of her love, or perhaps it grew deeper with longer acquaintance; for the painter noticed that she would rise quietly from her bed at night, when she thought him asleep, and water and tend the flower upon whose frail life the duration of her love was to depend.

With all her care, however, she sees its brightness fade away, its leaves begin to droop and wilt, and the end of her happiness drawing nigh. Then, one day, with folded hands and tearful eyes, she sadly entreats the painter to paint for her the flower in all its early beauty and brightness—and in enduring colors; that she may each day, looking upon the freshness of the painted flower, love him anew—even after he shall have long forgotten her.

Touched by her childlike love, he folds her to his heart—and paints the flower in all its pristine beauty. The painting now graces the boudoir of one of the happiest wives of Paris, who, in remembrance of the love it emblems, daily surrounds the painted flower with a wreath of fresh and fragrant living ones.

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ANOTHER story, and we have done:

Not long since a wedding party was gathered in a church. The assemblage was brilliant; the match was suitable; and moreover, the young couple about to be made one were understood to be seriously attached to each other. They approach the altar, the ceremony proceeds; the dignitary of the Church whose office it is asks the lady, in her turn, whether she will take the bridegroom to be her wedded husband. Amazement and consternation when, deliberately but distinctly, she answers "No!" There is, of course, "a scene." What can be her motive? They can the less guess, since, instantly afterward, she disclaims her denial, and implores that the ceremony shall proceed. The indignant family of the bridegroom, however, refuse; and the match is broken off.

This *might* have happened any where. It *did* take place in Paris; and the uncertain-minded young lady was consigned by her relatives to a convent.

## THE DEAD SECRET.

### CHAPTER THE FIFTH. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

UNDER the roof of a widowed mother Miss Mowlem lived humbly at St. Swithin's-on-Sea. In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-four the heart of Miss Mowlem's widowed mother was gladdened in the closing years of life by a small legacy. Turning over in her mind the various uses to which the money might be put, the discreet old lady finally decided on investing it in furniture, on fitting up the first floor and the second floor of her house in the best taste, and on hanging a card in the parlor window to inform the public that she had furnished apartments to let. By the summer the apartments were ready and the card was put up. It had hardly been exhibited a week before a dignified personage in black applied to look at the rooms, expressed himself as satisfied with their appearance, and engaged them for a month certain for a newly-married lady and gentleman, who might be expected to take possession in a few days. The dignified personage in black was Captain Treverton's servant, and the lady and gentleman, who arrived in due time to take possession, were Mr. and Mrs. Frankland.

The maternal interest which Mrs. Mowlem felt in her youthful first lodgers was necessarily vivid in its nature; but it was apathy itself compared to the sentimental interest which her daughter took in observing the manners and customs of the lady and gentleman in their capacity of bride and bridegroom. From the moment when Mr. and Mrs. Frankland entered the house Miss Mowlem began to study them with all the ardor of an industrious scholar who attacks a new branch of knowledge. At every spare moment of the day this industrious and inquisitive young lady occupied herself in stealing up stairs to collect observations, and in running down stairs to communicate them to her mother. By the time the married couple had been in the house a week, Miss Mowlem had made such good use of her eyes, ears, and opportunities that she could have written a seven days' diary of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland with the truth and minuteness of Mr. Samuel Pepys himself.

But, learn as much as we may, the longer we live the more information there is to acquire. Seven days' patient accumulation of facts in connection with the honeymoon had not placed Miss Mowlem beyond the reach of farther discoveries. On the morning of the eighth day, after bringing down the breakfast-tray, this observant spinster stole up stairs again, according to custom, to drink at the spring of knowledge through the key-hole channel of the drawing-room door. After an absence of five minutes she descended to the kitchen, breathless with excitement, to announce a fresh discovery in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to her venerable mother.

"Whatever do you think she's doing now?" cried Miss Mowlem, with widely-opened eyes, and highly-elevated hands.

"Nothing that's useful," answered Mrs. Mowlem, with sarcastic readiness.

"She's actually sitting on his knee! Mother, did you ever sit on father's knee when you were married?"

"Certainly not, my dear. When me and your poor father married we were neither of us flighty young people, and we knew better."

"She's got her head on his shoulder," proceeded Miss Mowlem, more and more agitatedly, "and her arms round his neck—both her arms, mother, as tight as can be."

"I won't believe it!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowlem, indignantly. "A lady like her, with riches, and accomplishments, and all that, demean herself like a housemaid with a sweetheart! Don't tell me, I won't believe it!"

It was true, though, for all that. There were plenty of chairs in Mrs. Mowlem's drawing-room; there were three beautifully bound books on Mrs. Mowlem's Pembroke table (the Antiquities of St. Swithin's, Smallridge's Sermons, and Klopstock's Messiah, in English prose)—Mrs. Frankland might have sate on purple morocco leather stuffed with the best horse-hair, might have informed and soothed her mind with archæological diversions, with orthodox native theology, and with devotional poetry of foreign origin—and yet, so frivolous is the nature of women, she was perverse enough to prefer doing nothing, and perching herself uncomfortably on her husband's knee.

She sat for some time in the undignified position which Miss Mowlem had described with such graphic correctness to her mother, then drew back a little, raised her head, and looked earnestly into the quiet, meditative face of the blind man.

"Lenny, you are very silent this morning," she said. "What are you thinking about? If you will tell me all your thoughts, I will tell you all mine."

"Would you really care to hear all my thoughts?" asked Leonard.

"Yes; all. I shall be jealous of any thoughts that you keep to yourself. Tell me what you were thinking of just now! Me?"

"Not exactly of you."

"More shame for you! Are you tired of me in eight days? I have not thought of any body but you ever since we have been here. Ah! you laugh. Oh, Lenny, I do love you so; how can I think of any body but you? No! I shan't kiss you. I want to know what you were thinking about first."

"Of a dream, Rosamond, that I had last night. Ever since the first days of my blindness— Why, I thought you were not going to kiss me again till I had told you what I was thinking about!"

"I can't help kissing you, Lenny, when you talk of the loss of your sight. Tell me, my poor love, do I help to make up for that loss? Are you happier than you used to be? and have I some share in making that happiness, though it is ever so little?"

She turned her head away as she spoke, but Leonard was too quick for her. His inquiring fingers touched her cheek. "Rosamond, you are crying," he said.

"I crying," she answered, with a sudden assumption of gayety. "No," she continued, after a moment's pause. "I will never deceive you, love, even in the veriest trifle. My eyes serve for both of us now, don't they? you depend on me for all that your touch fails to tell you, and I must never be unworthy of my trust—must I? I did cry, Lenny—but only a very little. I don't know how it was, but I never, in all my life, seemed to pity you and feel for you as I did just at that moment. Never mind, I've done now. Go on—do go on with what you were going to say."

"I was going to say, Rosamond, that I have observed one curious thing about myself since I lost my sight. I dream a great deal, but I never dream of myself as a blind man. I often visit in my dreams places that I saw, and people whom I knew when I had my sight, and though I feel as much myself, at those visionary times, as I am now when I am wide-awake, I never by any chance feel blind. I wander about all sorts of old walks in my sleep, and never grope my way. I talk to all sorts of old friends in my sleep, and see the expression in their faces which, waking, I shall never see again. I have lost my sight more than a year now, and yet it was like the shock of a new discovery to me to wake up last night from my dream, and remember suddenly that I was blind."

"What dream was it, Lenny?"

"Only a dream of the place where I first met you when we were both children. I saw the glen, as it was years ago, with the great twisted roots of the trees, and the blackberry bushes twining about them in a still shadowed light that came through thick leaves from the rainy sky. I saw the mud on the walk in the middle of the glen, with the marks of the cows' hoofs in some places, and the sharp circles in others where some countrywoman had been lately trudging by on pattens. I saw the muddy water running down on either side of the path after the shower; and I saw you, Rosamond, a naughty girl, all covered with clay and wet—just as you were in the reality—soiling your bright blue pelisse and your pretty little chubby hands by making a dam to stop the running water, and laughing at the indignation of your nursemaid when she tried to pull you away and take you home. I saw all that, exactly as it really was in the by-gone time, but strangely enough I did not see myself as the boy I then was. You were a little girl, and the glen was in its old neglected state, and yet, though I was all in the past so far, I was in the present as regarded myself. Throughout the whole dream I was uneasily conscious of being a grown man—of being, in short, exactly what I am now, excepting always that I was not blind."

"What a memory you must have, love, to be able to recall all those little circumstances, after the years that have passed since that wet day in the glen! How well you recollect what I was as a child! Do you remember in the same vivid way what I looked like a year ago, when you saw me—oh, Lenny, it almost breaks my heart to think of it!—when you saw me for the last time?"

"Do I remember, Rosamond! My last look at your face has painted your portrait on my memory in colors that can never change. I have many pictures in my mind, but your picture is the clearest and brightest of all."

"And it is the picture of me at my best—painted in my youth, dear, when my face was always confessing how I loved you, though my lips said nothing. There is some consolation in that thought. When years have passed over us both, Lenny, and when time begins to set his mark on me, you will not say to yourself, 'My Rosamond is beginning to fade; she grows less and less like what she was when I married her.' I shall never grow old, love, for you! The bright young picture in your mind will still be my picture when my cheeks are wrinkled and my hair is gray."

"Still your picture—always the same, grow as old as I may."

"But are you sure it is clear in every part? Are there no doubtful lines, no unfinished corners any where? I have not altered yet, since you saw me—I am just what I was a year ago. Suppose I asked you what I am like now, could you tell me without making a mistake?"

"Try me."

"May I? You shall be put through a complete catechism! I don't tire you sitting on your knee, do I? Well, in the first place, how tall am I when we both stand up side by side?"

"You are just up to my ear."

"Quite right to begin with. Now for the next question. What does my hair look like in your portrait?"

"It is dark brown—there is a great deal of it—and it grows rather too low on your forehead for the taste of some people—"

"Never mind about 'some people,' does it grow too low for your taste?"

"Certainly not. I like it to grow low; I like all those little natural waves that it makes against your forehead; I like it taken back, as you wear it, in plain bands which leave your ears and your cheeks visible; and, above all things, I like that big glossy knot that it makes where it is all gathered up together at the back of your head."

"Oh, Lenny, how well you remember me, so far! Now go a little lower."

"A little lower is down to your eyebrows. They are very nicely-shaped eyebrows in my picture—"

"Yes, but they have a fault. Come! tell me what the fault is?"

"They are not quite so strongly marked as they might be."

"Right again! And my eyes?"

"Brown eyes, large eyes, wakeful eyes, that are always looking about them. Eyes that can be very soft at one time, and very bright at another. Eyes tender and clear, just as the present moment, but capable, on very slight provocation, of opening rather too widely and looking rather too brilliantly resolute."

"Mind you don't make them look so now! What is there below the eyes?"

"A nose that is not quite big enough to be in proper proportion with them. A nose that has a slight tendency to be—"

"Don't say the horrid English word! Spare my feelings by putting it in French. Say *retroussé*, and skip over my nose as fast as possible."

"I must stop at the mouth, then, and own that it is as near perfection as possible. The lips are lovely in shape, fresh in color, and irresistible in expression. They smile in my portrait, and I am sure they are smiling at me now."

"How could they do otherwise when they are getting so much praise? My vanity whispers to me that I had better stop the catechism here. If I talk about my complexion, I shall only hear that it is of the dusky sort; and that there is never red enough in it, except when I am walking, or riding, or confused, or angry. If I risk a question about my figure, I shall receive the dreadful answer, 'You are dangerously inclined to be fat.' If I say, how do I dress? I shall be told, not soberly enough; you are as fond as a child of gay colors—No! I will venture no more questions. But, vanity apart, Lenny, I am so glad, so proud, so happy to find that you can keep the image of me clearly in your mind. I shall do my best now to look and dress like your last remembrance of me. My love of loves! I will do you credit—I will try if I can't make you envied for your wife. You deserve a hundred thousand kisses for saying your catechism so well—and there they are!"

While Mrs. Frankland was conferring the reward of merit on her husband, the sound of a faint, small, courteously-significant cough, made itself timidly audible in a corner of the room. Turning round instantly with the quickness that characterized all her actions, Mrs. Frankland, to her horror and indignation, confronted Miss Mowlem standing just inside the door with a letter in her hand, and a blush of sentimental agitation on her simpering face.

"You wretch! how dare you come in without knocking at the door?" cried Rosamond, starting to her feet with a stamp, and passing in an instant from the height of fondness to the height of passion.

Miss Mowlem shook guiltily before the bright, angry eyes that looked through and through her, turned very pale, held out the letter apologetically, and said, in her meekest tones, that she was very sorry.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Rosamond, getting even more irritated by the apology than she had been by the intrusion, and showing it by another stamp; "who cares whether you are sorry or no? I don't want your sorrow—I won't have it. I never was so insulted in my life—never, you mean, prying, inquisitive creature?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond! pray don't forget yourself!" interposed the quiet voice of Mr. Frankland.

"Lenny, dear, I can't help it! That creature would drive a saint mad. She has been prying after us ever since we have been here—you have, you ill-bred, indelicate woman!—I suspected it before—I am certain of it now! Must we lock our doors to keep you out?—we won't lock our doors! Fetch the bill! We give you warning. Mr. Frankland gives you warning—don't you, Lenny? I'll pack up all your things, dear; she shan't touch one of them. Go down stairs and make out your bill, and give your mother warning. Mr. Frankland says he won't have his rooms burst into and his doors listened at by inquisitive women—and I say so too. Put that letter down on the table—unless you want to open it and read it—put it down, you audacious woman, and fetch the bill, and tell your mother we are going to leave the house directly!”

At this dreadful threat, Miss Mowlem, who was soft and timid, as well as curious, by nature, wrung her hands in despair, and overflowed meekly in a shower of tears.

“Oh! good gracious Heavens above!” cried Miss Mowlem, addressing herself distractedly to the ceiling, “what will mother say! whatever will become of me now! Oh, mam, I thought I knocked—I did, indeed! Oh, mam! I humbly beg pardon, and I'll never intrude again. Oh, mam! mother's a widow, and this is the first time we have let the lodgings, and the furniture's swallowed up all our money, and, oh, mam! mam! how I shall catch it if you go!” Here words failed Miss Mowlem, and hysterical sobs pathetically supplied their place.

“Rosamond!” said Mr. Frankland. There was an accent of sorrow in his voice this time, as well as an accent of remonstrance. Rosamond's quick ear caught the alteration in his tone. As she looked round at him, her color changed, her head drooped a little, and her whole expression altered on the instant. She stole gently to her husband's side with softened, saddened eyes, and put her lips caressingly close to his ear.

“Lenny,” she whispered, “have I made you angry with me?”

“I can't be angry with you, Rosamond,” was the quiet answer. “I only wish, love, that you could have controlled yourself a little sooner.”

“I am so sorry—so very, very sorry!” The fresh, soft lips came closer still to his ear as they whispered these penitent words; and the cunning little hand crept up tremblingly round his neck and began to play with his hair. “So sorry, and so ashamed of myself! But it was enough to make almost any body angry, just at first—wasn't it, dear? And you will forgive me—won't you, Lenny?—if I promise never to behave so badly again? Never mind that wretched whimpering fool at the door,” said Rosamond, undergoing a slight relapse as she looked round at Miss Mowlem, standing immovably repentant against the wall, with her face buried in a dingy-white pocket-handkerchief. “I'll make it up with her; I'll stop her crying; I'll take her out of the room; I'll do any thing in the world that's kind to her, if you will only forgive me.”

“A polite word or two is all that is wanted—nothing more than a polite word or two,” said Mr. Frankland, rather coldly and constrainedly.

“Don't cry any more, for goodness' sake!” said Rosamond, walking straight up to Miss Mowlem, and pulling the dingy-white pocket-handkerchief away from her face without the least ceremony. “There! leave off, will you? I am very sorry I was in a passion—though you had no business to come in without knocking—I never meant to distress you, and I'll never say a hard word to you again, if you will only knock at the door for the future, and leave off crying now. *Do* leave off crying, you tiresome creature! We are not going away. We don't want your mother, or the bill, or any thing. Here! here's a present for you, if you'll leave off crying. Here's my neck-ribbon—I saw you trying it on yesterday afternoon, when I was lying down on the bed-room sofa, and you thought I was asleep. Never mind; I'm not angry about that. Take the ribbon—take it as a peace-offering, if you won't as a present. You *shall* take it! No, I don't mean that—I mean, please take it! There, I've pinned it on. And now, shake hands and be friends, and go up stairs and see how it looks in the glass.” With these words, Mrs. Frankland opened the door, administered, under the pretense of a pat on the shoulder, a good-humored shove to the amazed and embarrassed Miss Mowlem, closed the door again, and resumed her place in a moment on her husband's knee.

“I've made it up with her, dear. I've sent her away with my bright green ribbon, and it makes her look as yellow as a guinea, and as ugly as—” Rosamond stopped, and looked anxiously into Mr. Frankland's face. “Lenny!” she said, sadly, putting her cheek against his, “are you angry with me still?”

“My love, I never was angry with you. I never can be.”

“I will always keep my temper down for the future, Lenny!”

I am sure you will, Rosamond. But never mind that. I am not thinking of your temper now.”

“Of what, then?”

“Of the apology you made to Miss Mowlem.”

“Did I not say enough? I'll call her back if you like—I'll make another penitent speech—I'll do any thing but kiss her. I really can't do that—I can't kiss any body now, but you.”

“My dear, dear love, how very much like a child you are still, in some of your ways! You said more than enough to Miss Mowlem—far more. And if you will pardon me for making the remark, I think in your generosity and good-nature, you a little forgot yourself with the young woman. I don't so much allude to your giving her the ribbon—though, perhaps, that might have been done a little less familiarly—but, from what I heard you say, I infer that you actually went the length of shaking hands with her.”

“Was that wrong? I thought it was the kindest way of making it up.”

“My dear, it is an excellent way of making it up between equals. But consider the difference between your station in society and Miss Mowlem's.”

“I will try and consider it, if you wish me, love. But I think I take after my father, who never troubles his head (dear old man!) about differences of station. I can't help liking people who are kind to me, without thinking whether they are above my rank or below it; and when I got cool, I must confess I felt just as vexed with myself for frightening and distressing that unlucky Miss Mowlem, as if her station had been equal to mine. I will try to think as you do, Lenny; but I am very much afraid that I have got, without knowing exactly how, to be what the newspapers call a Radical.”

“My dear Rosamond! don't talk of yourself in that way, even in joke. You ought to be the last person in the world to confuse those distinctions in rank on which the whole well-being of society depends.”

“Does it really? And yet, dear, we don't seem to have been created with such very wide distinctions between us. We have all got the same number of arms and legs; we are all hungry and thirsty, and hot in the summer and cold in the winter; we all laugh when we are pleased, and cry when we are distressed; and, surely, we have all got very much the same feelings, whether we are high or whether we are low. I could not have loved you better, Lenny, than I do now, if I had been a duchess, or less than I do now, if I had been a servant-girl.”

“My love, you are not a servant-girl. And, as to what you say about a duchess, let me remind you that you are not so much below a duchess as you seem to think. Many a lady of high title can not look back on such a line of ancestors as yours. Your father's family, Rosamond, is one of the oldest in England—even *my* father's family hardly dates back so far; and we were landed gentry when many a name in the Peerage was not heard of. It is really almost laughably absurd to hear you talking of yourself as a Radical.”

“I won't talk of myself so again, Lenny—only don't look so serious. I'll be a Tory, dear, if you will give me a kiss, and let me sit on your knee a little longer.”

Mr. Frankland's gravity was not proof against his wife's change of political principles, and the conditions which she annexed to it. His face cleared up, and he laughed almost as gayly as Rosamond herself.

“By-the-by,” said he, after an interval of silence had given him time to collect his thoughts, “did I not hear you tell Miss Mowlem to put a letter down on the table? Is it a letter for you, or for me?”

“Ah! I forgot all about the letter,” said Rosamond, running to the table. “It is for you, Lenny—and, goodness me! here's the Porthgenna postmark on it.”

“It must be from the builder whom I sent down to the old house about the repairs. Lend me your eyes, love, and let us hear what he says.”

Rosamond opened the letter, drew a stool to her husband's feet, and, sitting down with her arms on his knees, read as follows:

TO LEONARD FRANKLAND, ESQ.

SIR—Agreeably to the instructions with which you favored me, I have proceeded to survey Porthgenna Tower, with a view to ascertaining what repairs the house in general, and the north side of it in particular, may stand in need of.

As regards the outside, a little cleaning and new-pointing is all that the building wants. The walls and foundations seem made to last forever. Such strong, solid work I never set eyes on before.

Inside the house, I can not report so favorably. The rooms in the west front, having been inhabited during the period of Captain Treverton's occupation, and having been well looked after since, by the persons left in charge of the house, are in tolerably sound condition. I should say two hundred pounds would cover the expense of all repairs in my line, which these rooms need. This sum would not include the restoration of the west staircase, which has given a little in some places, and the banisters of which are decidedly insecure, from the first to the second landing. From twenty-five to thirty pounds would suffice to set this all right.

In the rooms on the north front, the state of dilapidation, from top to bottom, is as bad as can be. From all that I could ascertain, nobody ever went near these rooms in Captain Treverton's time, or has ever entered them since. The people who now keep the house have a superstitious dread of opening any of the north doors, in consequence of the time that has elapsed since any living being has passed through them. Nobody would volunteer to accompany me in my survey, and nobody could tell me which keys fitted which room doors in any part of the north side. I could find no plan containing the names or numbers of the rooms; nor, to my surprise, were there any labels attached separately to the keys. They were given to me, all hanging together on a large ring, with an ivory label to it, which was only marked, Keys of the North Rooms. I take the liberty of mentioning these particulars in order to account for my having, as you might think, delayed my stay at Porthgenna Tower longer than is needful. I lost nearly a whole day in taking the keys off the ring and fitting them at hazard to the right doors. And I occupied some hours of another day in marking each door with a number on the outside, and putting a corresponding label to each key, before I replaced it on the ring, in order to prevent the possibility of future errors and delays.

As I hope to furnish you, in a few days, with a detailed estimate of the repairs needed in the north part of the house, from basement to roof, I need only say here that they will occupy some time, and will be of the most extensive nature. The beams of the staircase and the flooring of the first story have got the dry rot. The damp in some rooms, and the rats in others, have almost destroyed the wainscotings. Four of the mantlepieces have given out from the walls, and all the ceilings are either stained, cracked, or peeled away in large patches. The flooring is, in general, in a better condition than I had anticipated; but the shutters and window-sashes are so warped as to be useless. It is only fair to acknowledge that the expense of setting all these things to rights—that is to say, of making the rooms safe and habitable, and of putting them in proper condition for the upholsterer—will be considerable. I would respectfully suggest, in the event of your feeling any surprise or dissatisfaction at the amount of my present estimate, that you should name a friend in whom you place confidence, to go over the north rooms with me, keeping my estimate in his hand. I will undertake to prove, if needful, the necessity of each separate repair, and the justice of each separate charge for the same, to the satisfaction of any competent and impartial person whom you may please to select.

Trusting to send you the estimate in a few days,
I remain, Sir, your humble servant,
THOMAS HORLOCK.

“A very honest, straightforward letter,” said Mr. Frankland.

“I wish he had sent the estimate with it,” said Rosamond. “Why could not the provoking man tell us at once in round numbers what the repairs will really cost?”

“I suspect, my dear, he was afraid of shocking us, if he mentioned the amount in round numbers.”

“That horrid money! It is always getting in one's way and upsetting one's plans. If we haven't got enough, let us go and borrow of somebody who has. Do you mean to dispatch a friend to Porthgenna to go over the house with Mr. Horlock? If you do, I know who I wish you would send.”

“Who?”

“Me, if you please—under your escort, of course. Don't laugh, Lenny. I would be very sharp with Mr. Horlock: I would object to every one of his charges, and beat him down without mercy. I once saw a surveyor go over a house, and I know exactly what to do. You stamp on the floor, and knock at the walls, and scrape at the brickwork, and look up all the chimneys and out of all the windows—sometimes you make notes in a little book, sometimes you measure with a foot-rule, sometimes you sit down all of a sudden and think profoundly—and the end of it is that you say the house will do very well indeed, if the tenant will pull out his purse and put it in proper repair.”

“Well done, Rosamond! You have one more accomplishment than I knew of; and I suppose I have no choice now but to give you an opportunity of displaying it. If you don't object, my dear, to being associated with a professional assistant in the important business of checking Mr. Horlock's estimate, I don't object to paying a short visit to Porthgenna whenever you please—especially now I know that the west rooms are still habitable.”

“Oh, how kind of you! how pleased I shall be! how I shall enjoy seeing the old place again before it is altered! I was only five years old, Lenny, when we left Porthgenna, and I am so anxious to see what I can remember of it, after such a long, long absence as mine. Do you know, I never saw any thing of that ruinous north side of the house—and I do so dote on old rooms? We will go all through them, Lenny. You shall have hold of my hand, and look with my eyes, and make as many discoveries as I do. I prophesy that we shall see ghosts and find treasures, and hear mysterious noises—and, oh Heavens! what clouds of dust we shall have to go through—Pouf! the very anticipation of them chokes me already!”

“Now we are on the subject of Porthgenna, Rosamond, let us be serious for one moment. It is clear to me that these repairs of the north rooms will cost a large sum of money. Now, my love, I consider no sum of money misspent, however large it may be, if it procures you pleasure. I am with you heart and soul—”

He paused. His wife's caressing arms were twining round his neck again, and her cheek was laid gently against his. “Go on, Lenny,” she said, with such an accent of tenderness in the utterance of those three simple words, that his speech failed him for the moment, and all his sensations seemed absorbed in the one luxury of listening. “Rosamond,” he whispered, “there is no music in the world that touches me as your voice touches me now! I feel it all through me, as I used sometimes to feel the sky at night, in the time when I could see.” As he spoke, the caressing arms tightened round his neck, and the fervent lips softly took the place which the cheek had occupied. “Go on, Lenny,” they repeated happily as well as tenderly now, “you said you were with me, heart and soul. With me in what?”

“In your project, love, for inducing your father to retire from his profession after this last cruise, and in your hope of prevailing on him to pass the evening of his days happily with us at Porthgenna. If the money spent in restoring the north rooms, so that we may all live in them for the future, does indeed so alter the look of the place to his eyes as to dissipate his old sorrowful associations with it, and to make his living there again a pleasure instead of a pain to him, I shall regard it as money well laid out. But, Rosamond, are you sure of the success of your plan before we undertake it? Have you dropped any hint of the Porthgenna project to your father?”

“I told him, Lenny, that I should never be quite comfortable unless he left the sea, and came to live with us—and he said that he would. I did not mention a word about Porthgenna—nor did he—but he knows that we shall live there when we are settled, and he made no conditions when he promised that our home should be his home.”

“Is the loss of your mother the only sad association he has with the place?”

“Not quite. There is another association, which has never been mentioned, but which I may tell you, because there are no secrets between us. My mother had a favorite maid who lived with her from the time of her marriage, and who was, accidentally, the only person present in her room when she died. I just remember this woman, in a dim childish way, as being odd in her look and manner, and no great favorite with any body in the house but her mistress. Well, on the morning of my mother's death, she disappeared from the house in the strangest way, leaving behind her a most singular and mysterious letter to my father, asserting that in my mother's dying moments a secret had been confided to her which she was charged to divulge to her master when her mistress was no more; and adding that she was afraid to mention this secret, and that, to avoid being questioned about it, she had resolved on leaving the house forever. She had been gone some hours when the letter was opened—and she has never been seen or heard of since that time. This circumstance seemed to make almost as strong an impression on my father's mind as the shock of my mother's death. Our neighbors and servants all thought (as I think) that the woman was mad; but he never agreed with them, and I know that he has neither destroyed nor forgotten the letter from that time to this.”

“A strange event, Rosamond, a very strange event. I don't wonder that it has made a lasting impression on him.”

“Depend upon it, Lenny, the servants and the neighbors were right—the woman was mad. Any way, however, it was certainly a singular event in our family. All old houses have their romance—and that is the romance of our house. But years and years have passed since then; and, what with time, and what with the changes we are going to make, I have no fear that my dear, good father will spoil our plans. Give him a new north garden at Porthgenna, where he can walk the decks, as I call it, and give him new north rooms to live in, and I will answer for the result. But all this is in the future; let us get back to the present time. When shall we pay our flying visit to Porthgenna, Lenny, and plunge into the important business of checking Mr. Horlock's estimate for the repairs?”

“We have three weeks more to stay here, Rosamond.”

“Yes; and then we must go back to Long Beckley. I promised that best and biggest of men, the vicar, that we should pay our first visit to him. He is sure not to let us off under three weeks or a month.”

“In that case, then, we had better say two months hence for the visit to Porthgenna. Is your writing-case in the room, Rosamond?”

“Yes; close by us, on the table.”

“Write to Mr. Horlock then, love—and appoint a meeting in two months' time at the old house. Tell him also, as we must not trust ourselves on unsafe stairs—especially considering how dependent I am on banisters—to have the west staircase repaired immediately. And, while you have the pen in your hand, perhaps it may save trouble if you write a second note to the housekeeper at Porthgenna, to tell her when she may expect us.”

Rosamond sat down gayly at the table and dipped her pen in the ink with a little flourish of triumph.

“In two months,” she exclaimed, joyfully, “I shall see the dear old place again! In two months, Lenny, our profane feet will be raising the dust in the solitudes of the North Rooms.”

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## THE LITTLE MAID I LOST LONG AGO.

THERE's a little field that looks
  Down the blue Long Island Sound,
Full of hazel-sheltered nooks
  That with violets abound;
And in its deepest shade,
  Where the wild-flowers thickest grow,
Lies the darling little Maid
  That I lost so long ago.

She was like some pretty star
  As 'tis twinkling into life,
And though I was older far,
  Still she vowed to be my wife;
And if Time upon my head
  Shed his silent flakes of snow,
Love could melt it off, she said—
  But I lost her long ago!

Her grave is very small,
  Like a ripple on the sod;
Yet 'twas wide enough for all
  I held dearest, next to God!
Oh! to think she could be laid
  In that tiny spot below,
The darling little Maid
  That I loved so long ago!

With my arm across the mound,
  And my cheek against the turf,
Do I listen to the sound
  Of the ever-rolling surf;
And it seems as if it said—
  Somewhat softened by my woe—
“You will find the little Maid
  That you lost so long ago!”

ORIGEN OD.

## THE DEFAULTING TELLER.

The bank in which I was employed was, and still is, a massive granite structure of cubical form, like a gigantic strong-box, with two massive Doric columns in front. Its ponderous portals bid grim defiance to burglars; and passers-by cast wistful glances through the doors, conjuring up visions of heaps of shining yellow gold hid away in its secret vaults.

When you enter, and look up at the great dome, and around at the vast interior encircled by ranges of desks, occupied by rows of busy clerks, you wonder why all this space, and all these men and books, should be devoted to the service of the few canvas bags which are shown you piled away in the iron vaults.

Summer and winter, day after day, you will find these pale men leaning over those huge red-bound volumes. For years upon years have crisp slips of paper and bright coin been passing through those wickets in an almost continuous stream, during banking hours. But punctually as the hands upon that round dial have silently pointed to three o'clock in the afternoon have the tellers closed their wickets, tallied their work, slipped on their black coats, and hied homewards.

Many of the men employed in the bank have grown gray in office. Knebbetts, the messenger, who just now shuffled along, looking gravely at us over his gold-bowed spectacles, came into the company's employ a brisk young fellow. The banking-house was then a mean brick building, the upper stories of which were rented out to families. He is the sole custodian of the canvas bags; and though a younger assistant now performs the major part of his former duties, he still looks upon himself as an important prop of the institution. No superfluous respect does he pay the cashier, who, he remembers, was a mere boy some years since; and little heeds he his instructions, when they conflict with his established and time-honored usages. For the junior clerks he entertains a profound contempt, and seldom condescends to hold conversation with them, reserving his confidence for the old white-headed book-keeper, or for Mr. Robson, the President. Though he is by no means wealthy, fortunes have been intrusted to his inflexible honesty. Before the days of "Expresses," millions and millions have been safely conveyed by him to the neighboring cities.*

The thoughts and aspirations of Mr. Knebbetts all centre around the bank; and he is stocked with traditionary incidents of its career. He remembers how they moved to Chelsea, when the yellow fever raged in the city, and recollects their dread of infection from bank-notes, and even from coin. He can tell you about the great run of '36, when the paying teller was nearly killed by a black bottle flung at his head by a drunken Hibernian, for whom he had refused to redeem a counterfeit bill. He shudders even now at the recollection of the dreadful blow they suffered when Karr the teller, and Bolter the book-keeper, "stuck" the bank a couple of hundred thousand, and decamped. This latter event knocked the shares down to twenty—the same shares which are now selling at so much premium.

But the great event of his life was his perilous voyage across the Atlantic in a pilot-boat, in pursuit of Karr and Bolter, when the icy billows swept over their little craft, and it was impossible to venture on deck for a week. The old man never tires of relating this exploit, and laughs heartily when, in conclusion, he informs you that, after all their trouble, they arrived at Liverpool "a week after the fair"—the smoky steamer proving an overmatch for the little *Gull*.

I dwell thus on the characteristics of Mr. Knebbetts, he being in my opinion the most notable feature of the establishment; for banks are at best but dull and commonplace concerns to those not immediately interested in their dividends.

In this Institution, perched upon a long-legged stool at a very high desk, and bending over a very plethoric ledger, I passed many monotonous days, the sole interruption to my work being to cast a glance at the clock, as tick by tick the hands slowly advanced toward the releasing hour.

An outsider can have no idea of the extent to which stock gambling is carried on among the clerks of this city. This practice is more prevalent among those who hold situations in private corporations, moneyed institutions, or banking-houses, than among any other class of clerks, and this for various reasons. Some of them by virtue of their positions possess information regarding the movements of large "operators," who can influence the rise or fall of certain stocks. Others, in their capacity of secretaries or accountants to private corporations, obtain a prior knowledge of causes likely to affect the value of the stock shares. In such cases as these the inclination to speculate becomes almost irresistible.

Again; in large moneyed institutions the constant contact with wealth into which the employés are brought, and the large amounts of money continually passing through their hands, create in them a thirst for riches, and a corresponding contempt for small sums. Their salaries appear insignificant, and they are ever seeking some investment for their savings whereby their incomes may be augmented and the great desideratum—a fortune—secured. And as to effect this nothing affords so convenient a means or promises so speedy a return as the Stock Board, they naturally seek that medium.

The merchant's clerk, on the other hand, is free from many of these temptations. His state is merely a probationary one, and he looks forward with impatience to the day when he shall commence business on his own account. Of course, the system of stock speculation is nothing more nor less than sheer gambling, though it has two advantages over the green table: the chances are equalized, and one can with a small amount of money control a large stake in the game.

Our first, or paying-teller in the Bank was a young man named Welsh. He frequently tempted Fortune in this way, one Rhodes, a small broker who kept a desk in a little room in Prime's Buildings, being his chief adviser and counselor; and it was reported that, under his guidance, Welsh had been very successful in his investments. Unfortunately, however, his expenditures kept pace with his increased receipts.

He had been recently married to an amiable and accomplished girl, an orphan, who had been brought up in the family of a wealthy uncle.

The expensive tastes she had acquired there caused a severe strain upon poor Welsh's limited income. He was a generous fellow, and an affectionate husband, and could refuse her nothing. The profits of a few lucky hits were speedily transmuted into furniture and jewelry. She was a slight, dashy young woman, with the mien and airs of a duchess. She would occasionally call at the Bank to see him, and always came in a carriage.

Welsh had left the Bank later than usual one afternoon, and I inquired the cause of his detention. "Why," said Vaughan, a fellow clerk, "Welsh was in a deuced bad humor all the afternoon. He was so mad and nervous he couldn't 'prove;' and if it hadn't been for Kirk, we never should have got through at all, I suppose. You see, old Rhodes came in this morning, and they stood whispering together some time, and at last Welsh put on his hat and ran out. He didn't come back for an hour or so, and ever since he has been in the same infernal temper."

This furnished me with food for reflection; I apprehended that Welsh had met with some misfortune; for I felt assured that, if something of the kind had not occurred, he would not have thus far lost his habitual self-possession.

A short time after the conversation with Vaughan, I heard it privately reported one morning that Rhodes, the broker, had failed, and decamped for parts unknown. On learning this, I watched Welsh's countenance to see if it betrayed any consciousness of vexation or sadness; but without success. His face presented its usual grave and passive aspect.

A bank-teller should, of all men, be the most cool, calm, and unruffled. He should possess the eye of a hawk, a clear, accurate judgment, and the impassibility of a machine. Above all, nothing should disturb his equanimity. This is the important point. Put a man with the most accurate mind, the quickest eye, and readiest hand behind a bank counter, and if he allows himself to get excited or flurried in the least, he is lost. Some of the most absurd and egregious blunders have been committed in a nervous moment by men noted, at other times, for perspicacity and mathematical exactitude. A few instances occur to me: A teller mistook the number of a draft for its amount. Another paid $50,000 for $5000: luckily, he paid it to a fellow bank-clerk, who returned it. The blunderer, on perceiving his error, was so unnerved as to be unable to proceed with his work that day. A stranger came into a certain bank, took a blank check from the rack, filled it out, and signed it with a fictitious name, directly before the paying-teller's face, presented it, and received the money. When the check came to be charged, there was no such account, and no one had ever heard of the name before.

Our method of paying checks, its promptness, and absence of means of verification, renders it infinitely more hazardous than the slow formality of European systems. There are, in fact, few positions more critical or trying than that of paying-teller in one of our large banks. Welsh was eminently fitted for his post; and I verily believe had a pistol exploded by his ear while engaged in his occupations, it would not have disturbed him in the least.

On the afternoon of the same day that I had heard the report about the stock-broker's failure, I was charging the checks in my ledger, and found one of Rhodes's for six thousand dollars among them. His account was balanced, and this check was consequently an overdraft. On looking closer I also discovered that it was dated several days back. Surprised at this, I went immediately, as in duty bound, to report the case to the Cashier. It was some time after office hours, and on entering the parlor I found no one present but Mr. Robson, the President, to whom I explained the matter as briefly as possible.

"Why, how is this, Mr. Hope?" said he. "Was it known that Mr. Rhodes's account was closed?"

"Certainly, Sir," I answered.

"This is really very strange."

"If you will notice, Sir," said I, "you will see that the check is dated some three days ago, and it did not come into my hands until this afternoon."

"Humph! Be good enough to desire Mr. Welsh to step in here for a moment."

"Mr. Welsh has gone home, Sir," said I.

He held the check in his hand, pushed his spectacles over his forehead, and remained for some moments absorbed in thought.

"Have you mentioned this to any one else, Mr. Hope?"

"No, Sir," I answered.

"No one knows it but you! Do I so understand it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You will please keep this matter secret then for the present. Stop!" and he continued, as a thought struck him. "Who is in the Bank?"

"No one, Sir, but Mr. Knebbetts."

"Tell Mr. Knebbetts I wish to see him, Mr. Hope."

Mr. Knebbetts came in.

"Mr. Knebbetts," said the President, "bring me Mr. Welsh's case, if you please."

The case was brought.

"Have you the key?" demanded the President.

"No, Sir," answered Knebbetts; "Mr. Welsh keeps the key himself, Sir."

"Perhaps some other key will fit. There are some papers in here I wish to look at."

Knebbetts produced a bunch of keys, and after several trials we at last found one that would open the small padlock on the box.

"That will do, Mr. Knebbetts," said the President, dismissing him.

After he had gone out Mr. Robson turned to me.

"Mr. Hope, count Mr. Welsh's cash, if you please."

I did as I was bid, and found it, to my great astonishment, to differ some five thousand dollars from the amount on his proof-sheet.

"Count it again, Mr. Hope; perhaps you have made some mistake."

Perhaps I had, for I was very nervous and agitated during this examination. The result was the same. Again I counted it: still the same.

"That will do, Sir. Put the money back, lock the case, and tell Mr. Knebbetts to replace it in the vault."

After I had complied with his orders he called me again.

"Mr. Hope," said he, pulling out his watch, "it is now a quarter to five o'clock. I shall expect you at my house in one hour. Remember my injunction of secrecy. Good-afternoon, Sir!" and he left the Bank.

I was at his residence at the appointed hour, and found a carriage in front of the door. Mr. Robson was waiting for me in the hall.

"Very good, Mr. Hope," said he. "You are punctual! very good!" and he stepped into the vehicle.

I followed, and took a seat opposite him. Mr. Robson was a man of some sixty and odd years. His gray hair covered a shrewd, but severe-looking head, and behind his spectacles lay ambushed a pair of piercing, soul-searching eyes, whose fire was undimmed by age. A white cravat and spotless ruffles accorded with his air of preciseness and formality. He was courtly and ceremonious in his intercourse, but greatly dreaded by the clerks for his stringent exactitude of rule. As I watched the cold, stern expression of his face, that looked like a marble mask, I pitied poor Welsh in my inmost heart.

We rode on in silence, each holding communion with his thoughts. Mine, you may imagine, were of no enviable cast, as I anticipated the scene that would transpire.

Arrived in front of a handsome house in one of the fashionable streets, the coach stopped, and we alighted. Mr. Robson rang at the door, and inquired of the maid-servant for Mr. Welsh.

She replied she "didn't know, she would see." After a few moments she returned.

"Mr. Welsh can't see any one. He is very unwell!"

"Tell him I *must* see him. Take my name up. Say it's Mr. Robson," said the President, and we entered the parlor and seated ourselves. The house was prodigally furnished. Thick tapestry carpets covered the floors. Buhl cabinets—rosewood furniture filled the rooms, and the walls were adorned with large mirrors and oil paintings.

It was not long before Welsh made his appearance. He looked pale, but assuming an air of gayety, he came toward us.

"I didn't dream of it being you, Mr. Robson," said he; "for if I had, I should certainly never have thought of refusing to see you. But I don't feel exactly well this afternoon, and I didn't wish to be disturbed."

"Sit down, Mr. Welsh," said the President. "I wish to speak to you! Take a chair by me!"

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Robson," said Welsh, in a rather uneasy tone. "Any thing happened?"

"Mr. Welsh, when did you pay this check?" inquired the President, holding the slip of paper before him.

"I—I—" he stammered, and all the blood in his face shot back into his heart, leaving his features ashy pale. But recovering himself almost instantaneously, he answered, hastily,

"I didn't know that Rhodes had failed until this evening. I supposed his account good this morning."

"Look at the date. When did you pay it?" repeated the President.

"I didn't notice the date. I paid it this morning over the counter," answered Welsh, rapidly.

"And where is the money abstracted from your cash-box?"

This last bolt overpowered him. Lacking the tact of a finished rogue, he betrayed himself.

"Don't, Mr. Robson. It's all right; I will make it all right," said he, pale and fear-stricken.

"Welsh, I can't conceive this; I can not realize," said the old man, casting off his precision, and rising toward him with a glance of iron severity, "how one in your position can act thus. Foolish! foolish! to barter honesty and happiness for idle luxury and a felon's cell."

At this moment the door flew open, and Welsh's wife rushed in. She had crept silently down stairs, and, listening at the partly-opened door, had overheard the conversation.

"What do you mean, Sir, by such language? How dare you address my husband in this manner?" exclaimed she, haughtily and fiercely, to Mr. Robson.

He attempted to wave her off.

"Edward," she continued, turning to her husband, "how dares he talk to you so? What is the meaning of all this?"

Her husband was silent. She watched his face for a few moments, and suddenly her look of proud defiance was changed into one of imploring fear.

"Oh, what is it? what is it?" she cried, running, with clasped hands, toward Mr. Robson. "Oh, Mr. Robson, what *did* you say? Edward, my dear husband, tell me, tell me, do tell me! Some dreadful accident has happened. I know it—I see it—and I—I, wretched, wicked being, am the cause!"

She put her hands to her face, and burst into a flood of tears. Then recovering herself, she sank at Mr. Robson's feet, and, clasping his knees wildly with her white arms, she continued her heartrending supplications.

The teller was pacing the floor, buttoning his coat mechanically, as if to repel some bodily assault.

"Amelia, don't be foolish," said he to his wife, with a forced laugh. "It's nothing. It will be all right. I will explain it all."

"Silence!" said the old man, turning toward him, as he endeavored to raise the lady to her feet. "Be composed, madam; there is no necessity for all this."

She was in dishabille. A cashmere wrapper enveloped her delicate figure, and a silver comb, displaced by her violence, permitted a mass of dark hair to float around the pale, girlish face, uplifted imploringly toward that of the old man.

"Oh, Mr. Robson," she continued, in a low, quivering voice, "I am such a miserable, wicked woman. If Edward has been unfortunate—if he has lost any thing, it is my fault—mine alone. I have driven him to it. He is so kind, so good, so generous; and I— Oh, Mr. Robson, if you but knew how pettish, how envious, how contemptible I have been, you would forgive him. Mr. Robson, kill me! kill me! but don't hurt him! don't! don't! don't!" she cried, with increasing anguish, until the accumulated agony was too much for her fragile frame to bear, and she fell senseless upon the floor.

During all this scene Welsh had been standing at the window with his back toward us. He was silent and motionless as a statue, save a nervous twitching of his lip that betrayed his agitation. As his wife swooned he ran toward her, and assisted Mr. Robson to raise her up and place her on a sofa.

I hurried to call the maids and was afterward dispatched by Mr. Robson for Mrs. Welsh's uncle, a Mr. Thurleston, who resided in Amity Street.

I jumped into the carriage, which was waiting at the door, and bade the coachman drive rapidly to Mr. Thurleston's. Arrived there, we luckily found the gentleman about sitting down to the tea-table. He was excessively frightened at the abrupt way in which his presence was demanded. I endeavored to compose him without revealing the real nature of the difficulty that had occurred.

On our arrival, Mr. Robson, leaving Mr. Thurleston bewildered in the parlor, immediately took me aside, and with an air of great earnestness repeated impressively his injunctions of secrecy in this affair and dismissed me. His manner in parting from me was so different from his habitual cold formality as to leave me in complete amazement. His heart had been touched, and the true nature of the man revealed itself in his kindly tones and softened expression.

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* It is indeed worthy of notice among the recent cases of dishonesty and peculation by the employés of banking institutions, not one has occurred among the messengers or runners. Yet these men, who are usually but poorly paid, are every day intrusted, in making exchanges, with sums the abstraction of which would break the strongest bank in Wall Street.

Need I add that this affair never came to the ears of the Directors, and that the deficiency was made good. Welsh resigned, however, averring as a reason that he had received an advantageous offer in South America.

A severe respecter of the laws would probably condemn this benevolent act, as "compounding a felony." Some kinder hearts would envy the true pleasure, the lasting joy, of the generous old man in hiding the momentary guilt of the delinquent, and bidding him "Go and sin no more!"

Welsh is now a successful merchant in Valparaiso. He has repaid the money advanced him; and his wife, profiting by the severe lesson she then received, earned a reputation for frugality and thrift.

Reader! There *are* generous deeds performed by the wealthy that do not find their way into the newspapers.

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

TOM MOORE, writing to Miss Godfrey, says: "I will send you an epitaph that will make you laugh, if you never heard it before:

Here lies John Shaw
Attorney-at-Law.
  And when he died,
  The devil cried,
'Give us your paw
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law.'"

An epitaph on a well-known *auctioneer's* tombstone was
"Going—*going*—GONE."

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether.

The Sacramento *Times* says, in the course of a report of the proceedings at a public dinner,—"The mayor of the city, and ladies, etc., were appropriately and elegantly drunk, and the party separated in fine cheer."

A man was boasting that he met the king, and his majesty spoke to him!
"Ah! did he, and what did he say?"
"He told me to get out of the way."

Here lies the tongue of Godfrey Lill,
Which always lied, and *lies here* still.

Jones says that it's all folly for his friends to tell him that he mustn't enlarge his debts, when he is doing all he can to *contract* them.

"Where is your father?" said an angry master to the son of his habitually tippling domestic.
"He's down stairs, Sir."
"Getting drunk, I suppose."
"No, Sir, he ain't."
"What then?"
"Getting sober, Sir."

The author of "Tristam Shandy," who knew human nature pretty well, says, that "A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of a stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober."

Why is a liquor tavern a contradiction in terms? Because it is an *Inn*-convenience.

Hon. Rufus Choate writes a wretched hand. A gentleman in Boston said he meant to vote for the requirement of the reading and *writing* test for voters, so as to prevent Mr. Choate from voting. "Take care," said another, "Mr. Choate will write, and ask you to *read* it, and so exclude your vote."

"Mike, if you meet Pat, tell him to make haste."
"Shure, an' I will," said Mike, "but what shall I tell him if I don't mate him?"

"Why don't you hold up your head in the world, as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "see that field of grain; the well-filled heads hang down, while those only that are empty stand upright."

"How fortunate I am in meeting a *rainbeau* in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day to her *beau* of promise, who *happened* along with an umbrella. "And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a *reindeer*."

The vilest pun we recollect of reading was made by Jekyl, upon an old lady who was brought forward to prove a tender made to a certain party.

Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
Can never prove a tender maid.

"If any body tells you such an one has spoken evil of you," says Epictetus, "do not refute them in that particular, but answer, had he known all my vices, he would not have spoken only of that one."

U-nite and untie are the same, so say yo-U,
N-ot in wedlock, I ween, has the unity bee-N;
I-n the drama of marriage each wandering gou-T
T-o a new face would fly—all except you and I;
E-ach seeking to alter the spell in their scen-E.

The British commander asked Paul Jones in the great naval engagement, "Do you surrender?" And Jones replied, "No, I have not begun to fight!" The battle was all against him up to that moment, but soon the victory was his. Courage like that rarely fails of success.

There is something strangely startling in a reply of Miss Porter, of Niagara, while in England, to the query of an English gentleman: "By-the-way, Miss Porter, you are an American: did you ever see your great natural curiosity, the Falls of Niagara?" "Oh, yes!" was the quiet answer, "I own them!" which was the fact, as to the American half, at least.

There are three roads out of a bad scrape: to fight out, to back out, and to keep out: the last is the best.

A gentleman in this city is said to have an income of $3000 per day, or more than a million of dollars a year.

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another replied, "It is impossible that one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one man may know himself."

Children sometimes say very wise things: for instance, at an examination a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling lies," on which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, "It was when nobody did'nt do nothing, and somebody went and told of it."

A lady having remarked that "awe is the most delicious feeling a wife can have toward a husband," Fanny Fern, who has had three or four, we forget which, thus discoursed: "Awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravats you have tied, whose shirts you have 'put into the wash,' whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing-gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down into the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night to hunt chicken-bones; who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet; who has stood before your looking-glass, with thumb and finger on his proboscis, scratching his chin; whom you have buttered, and sugared, and tea-ed; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ridiculous!"

But the bachelors of Gloucester, Massachusetts, must be the crustiest old fellows alive. At their annual supper recently the following was one of the regular toasts: "Our future wives: 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

LOST DURING THE DAY,
**A GOLDEN HOUR,**
CONSISTING OF SIXTY PRECIOUS MINUTES,
EACH SET WITH
**SIXTY DIAMOND SECONDS.**
No reward is offered, for it is lost forever.

A Spiritualist newspaper called the *Telegraph* publishes a poem purporting to be from the spirit of a boy ten years old, without the editor's perceiving it to be an acrostic, the first letters of each line composing this remark: "The greatest ass is the greatest Spiritualist."

The earth is full of sunshine
  When the heart is full of glee,
For the light within our spirit
  Shines on every thing we see;
Then it finds the smallest trifles
  For its happiness suffice,
And pleasure in the simplest thing
  As in the things of price.

There is sunshine in the flowers,
  In the shadowy forest trees—
There is sunshine in the rippling brook
  That whispers with the breeze;
It looks on us from every face,
  The homely and the fair;
And the happier the spirit feels,
  The more it seeks to share.

Four women in this city are said to make $200 a week, each of them, by fortune-telling. Besides these four there are many others in the same business. What a host of dupes and fools there must be to fill the purses of these women!

Those who lie upon roses while young are apt to lie upon thorns when old. And thousands who have downy pillows in childhood have no pillows at all in later years.

A lady recently entered a rail-car where three or four men were smoking cigars. One of them immediately said to her,
"Madam, is smoking disagreeable to you?"
"Indeed I do not know, Sir," said she; "no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

ABSURDITIES.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church.

To keep your clerks on miserable salaries and wonder at their robbing you.

To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterward be angry at them because they lie for themselves.

To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them.

"The editor of the *Nashua Telegraph* has a Hawkes printing-press, and works on it himself; and he says the fly-wheel casts, by gas-light, a revolving shadow, *which is palpably wearing out the floor!*" The editor who tells this story is said to have lost an office worth two thousand dollars a year by guessing a conundrum. It was many years ago, when party politics ran high, he was postmaster, and some paper asked, "Why is the President like an ass?" and this editor answered, "Because he is an ass." In less than a week he was turned out. And they served him right.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Feb.* 16, 1857.

We noticed, in our last week's Summary, the astonishing increase in the imports at this port: this week we have a still more remarkable development of trade. The weekly movement at this port compares as follows with last year:

| | Exports. | Imports. |
|---|---|---|
| 1856 | $1,460,308 | $3,659,121 |
| 1857 | 1,313,913 | 7,942,070 |

It need not be added, that the last-mentioned item—an importation of nearly eight millions in a week—is unexampled in our commercial history. In conjunction with this, we have to note a singular current of specie toward the West Indies, the shipment during last week to Havana being equal to the entire arrival from San Francisco.

These causes, co-operating with some little distrust on the part of leading Bank managers, have led to a stringency in the Money Market, which has been sensibly felt by Stock operators. A decline of from 3 @ 5 per cent. in the leading Railroads has been achieved during the week.

Much anxiety has been felt in mercantile and banking circles with regard to the course to be pursued by Congress in relation to the Tariff. But twelve days of the session are left, and there is no very clear prospect of the passage of a new Tariff. Should the projects now before the House fall through altogether, the chances are that, between the close of the present session and the opening of the next, an accumulation of not less than sixty millions of dollars in specie will take place in the Sub-Treasury, to the manifest peril of the Banks and injury of trade. Various measures are proposed to deplete the Treasury. One is a division of the surplus among the States; another is a purchase of United States Stock at any Premium below 130. At the present moment there is no strong probability of the former measure being carried in time to be of use. The latter seems a violent remedy.

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, Feb.* 16, 1857.

Increased animation and buoyancy characterized the week's business in Produce. The latest European news favored our Commercial interests. The recent freshets in the rivers of this and the neighboring States destroyed immense amounts of property of various descriptions, besides seriously injuring several of the railway lines communicating with the interior, and thus limiting the means of getting produce to market. In view of these circumstances, factors acquired more confidence, and did not appear eager to sell their supplies at prevailing rates as they anticipated an improvement. Breadstuffs were in reduced supply and pretty brisk demand, both for home use and for export, at somewhat higher prices. Western Canal Flour brings $6 45 @ $7 00 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 65 @ $8 75 for low to choice extra brands; superfine to extra Canadian is worth $6 50 @ $7 75; and mixed to extra Southern, $6 90 @ $9 00, per barrel. Fine to superfine Rye Flour can be quoted at $3 50 @ $5 25, while Corn Meal commands $3 25 for Jersey, and $3 70 @ $3 75 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is brisker and rather firmer. It now sells at from $1 66 @ $1 81 for White, and $1 40 @ $1 62 for Red, per bushel. Mixed Corn is in reduced supply and better request at 71½ @ 73½ c., per bushel. Rye, Barley, and Oats are in fair demand, and are steady. Cotton has been heavily dealt in at improved prices. Middling Uplands are up to 13¼; do. Gulfs, 13¼ @ 13¾ c., per pound. Provisions are freely inquired for. The supplies are generally very moderate. Pork closes at $20 30 @ $21 40 for Mess, and $17 50 @ $18 00 for Prime, per barrel. Country Mess Beef is worth $10 75 @ $13 00; Prime do., $9 50 @ $10 50, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef, $21 00 and $29 00 per tierce; and Prime Lard, in barrels, 13½ @ 13¾ c., per pound. Groceries are in pretty good request. Coffee and Teas command firmer prices. Molasses and Sugars are drooping. Rio Coffee, 9¾ @ 11¼ c. per pound; New Orleans Molasses, 75 @ 76 c. per gallon; New Orleans Sugar, 9¼ @ 11¼ c. per pound. Rice, $3 50 @ $4 37½ per 100 pounds. Coal is in lively demand, and is very firm. Fish are scarce, quiet, and somewhat nominal in price. Hay, Hops, and Grass Seeds are moderately inquired for at steady rates. Hemp is inactive, and unchanged in value. Naval Stores are selling, to a fair extent, at previous full quotations. Tallow is freely taken at 11¾ @ 12 c. per pound—supply moderate. Tobacco is brisk and firm. Domestic Whisky rules quiet and languid, mainly at 28 c. per gallon. Wool is in light supply and slack demand, at old figures.

The Live Stock Market was, throughout the week, irregularly, and on the general market day, scantily supplied. On this account, factors succeeded in an effort to advance prices. The demand, however, was not brisk. The week's receipts, according to the returns from the principal markets, were 2545 Beeves, 263 Milch Cows, 426 Veal Calves, 8496 Sheep and Lambs, and 459 Swine, against 3548 Beeves, 236 Milch Cows, 371 Veal Calves, and 9202 Sheep and Lambs the preceding week. The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 9 for the poorest to 13¼ c. for premium cattle, per pound, the general average rate—as shown by the returns of sales—being 10 c. per pound. Milch Cows, with Calves at their sides, are plenty, and in good request at full rates. Veal Calves are in fair supply and demand, mostly at from 5½ @ 8 c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs are more sought after, and close at advancing prices. The bulk of the reported sales during the week were effected at rates equivalent to from $3 00 @ $7 00 per head. One very choice lot brought $9 25 per head. Swine are scarce, and in limited demand, at old figures—7¼ @ 7¾ c. for live, and 9¾ @ 10 c. for dressed, corn-fed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is now pretty well stocked with Vegetables, for which a good inquiry exists. Fruits arrive in small quantities, and are on the advance, though being lightly purchased. Poultry are in ample supply and fair demand at satisfactory rates for all in good condition. Eggs are rather plentier and cheaper, with moderate sales. The mild weather promises favorably for consumers.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, common to fair, per barrel | $2 50 | @ | $5 50 |
| " good to extra, per barrel | $5 00 | @ | $8 00 |
| " Dried, State, per pound | 9½ | @ | 10½ |
| " " Southern, per pound | 8½ | @ | 9 |
| Cranberries, per barrel | $11 00 | @ | $13 00 |
| Dried Peaches, per pound | 17 | @ | 19 |
| Hickory Nuts, per bushel | $1 50 | @ | $2 25 |
| Potatoes, per barrel | $2 00 | @ | $4 00 |
| Onions, Red, per barrel | $2 50 | @ | — |
| " Yellow, per barrel | $2 25 | @ | $2 50 |
| " White, per barrel | $3 00 | @ | $4 00 |
| " per 100 strings | $3 50 | @ | — |
| Washed Carrots, per barrel | $1 25 | @ | — |
| Beets, per barrel | $1 50 | @ | — |
| Parsnips, per barrel | $1 50 | @ | — |
| Turnips, per barrel | 62½ | @ | $1 25 |
| Cabbages, per 100 | $2 00 | @ | $7 00 |
| Celery, per dozen | 70 | @ | $1 05 |
| Garlic, per 100 bunches | $6 50 | @ | $6 75 |
| Butter, Western, per pound | 14 | @ | 22 |
| " State, per pound | 20 | @ | 30 |
| Cheese, State, per pound | 11 | @ | 12 |
| Lard, per pound | 13½ | @ | 14 |
| Roasting Pigs, each | $2 00 | @ | $4 00 |
| Eggs, Fresh, per dozen | 30 | @ | 32 |
| Fowls, per pound | 10 | @ | 13 |
| Ducks, Domestic, per pound | 14 | @ | 18 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 8 | @ | 14 |
| Geese, per pound | 7½ | @ | 10 |
| Pigeons, tame, per dozen | $1 50 | @ | $1 75 |
| Quail, per dozen | $2 00 | @ | — |
| Partridges, per pair | 62½ | @ | 75 |
| Prairie Hens, per pair | 62½ | @ | 75 |
| Rabbits, per pair | 31 | @ | 37 |
| Hares, per pair | 50 | @ | 65 |
| Venison, carcass, per pound | 8½ | @ | 9½ |
| " saddle, per pound | 10 | @ | 12 |
| Bear Meat, per pound | 18 | @ | 31 |

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